

# *The Leatherneck*



COPY 25c

OCTOBER



**WAFS**

**Women's Auxiliary Ferrying Squadron**

Theirs is the man-sized job of ferrying war planes from factories to air-bases for Uncle Sam. Expert flyers, each and every one . . . **THEY ARE THE BEST.**

*With us*  
**IT'S CHESTERFIELD**

**GOOD TOBACCO, YES . . . THE RIGHT COMBINATION  
OF THE WORLD'S BEST CIGARETTE TOBACCOS**

It is not enough to buy the best cigarette tobacco, it's Chesterfield's right combination, or blend, of these tobaccos that makes them so much milder, cooler and definitely better-tasting.

Good Tobacco, yes . . . but the Blend —  
the Right Combination — that's the thing.



**SMOKE CHESTERFIELDS AND FIND OUT  
HOW REALLY GOOD A CIGARETTE CAN BE**



## THE Leatherneck

MAGAZINE OF THE U. S. MARINES

The Marine Barracks, Eighth and Eye, S. E.,  
Washington, D. C.

### CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER, 1943

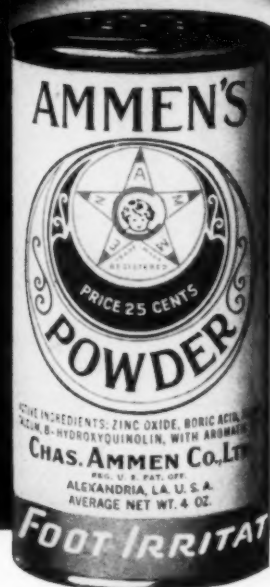
Straight Dope (humor)	4
Sound Off (letters)	6
Gizmo and Eightball (cartoon)	12
Machine-Guns in the Solomons (article)	15
Scout and Sniper School (article)	17
Swiss Family Marines (pictorial)	19
Girl Marines Roll Up Their Sleeves (article)	20
The Seabees (article)	22
Some Other Marines (article)	24
Battle for Rendova (pictorial)	26
So You're Going to the Tropics (article)	27
Lesson in Rhyme (pictorial poem)	29
At Ease (entertainment)	31
We, the Marines (pictorial)	33
Marines Prefer These Christmas Presents (pictorial)	36
Short Shorts on Marines	41
Gyrene Gyngles (poetry)	44
Seven Seas Marine (article)	50
Casualties	52
Forty-Six Came Back (article)	58
The Sergeant's Slip Is Showing (fiction)	60
Detachments	66
Dis-Missed!	72

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OCTOBER, 1943

# Here's Triple Action



THAT'S WHY UNCLE SAM'S MARINES ARE USING IT ALL OVER THE WORLD!

Whether you serve in the blistering tropics or the biting arctic, you must have RELIEF from skin irritation... PROTECTION against skin infection. To give this relief and protection, a powder must absorb perspiration, soothe the skin and prevent the growth of harmful bacteria. Secure these three essentials and you have a perfect skin powder for a Leatherneck.

## AMMEN'S <sup>TRIPLE ACTION</sup> POWDER

*does all three*

- ★ **ABSORBENT** Quickly absorbs perspiration without caking the pores.
- ★ **ANALGESIC** Soothes and relieves irritated tissues. As a foot powder it's "tops".
- ★ **ANTISEPTIC** Guards against bacterial growth, protecting against infection.

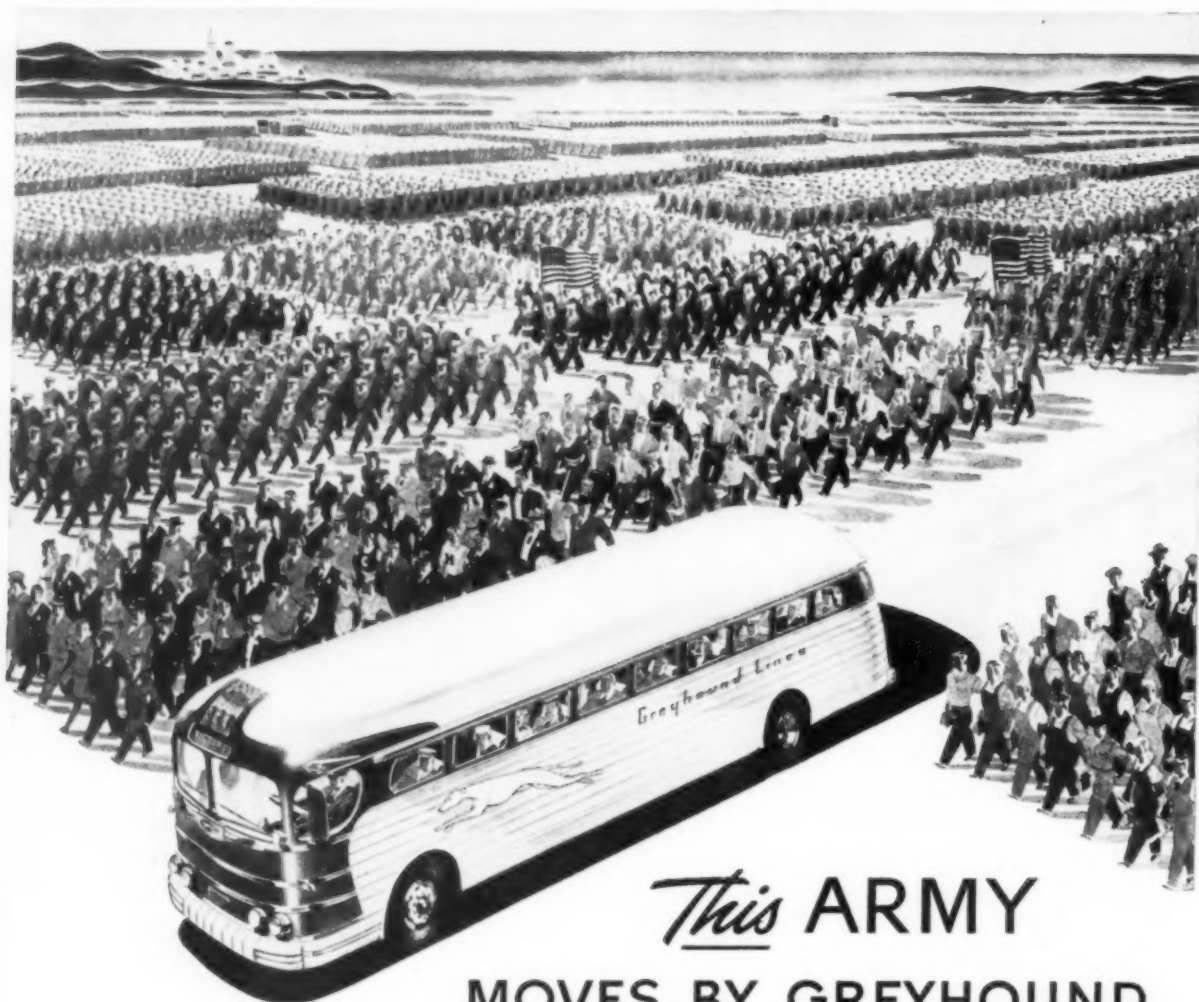
**SUPER SOFT**

**SURE PROTECTION**

Microscopic analysis reveals AMMEN'S is made of particles of exceptional fineness and uniformity; assuring a smooth, soft texture. Impartial laboratory tests show that any bacteria within an area of 6 to 7 MMS of AMMEN'S POWDER cannot live.

At Post Exchanges everywhere.

CHAS. AMMEN CO., LTD., Alexandria, La., U. S. A.



## *This* ARMY MOVES BY GREYHOUND

**..132 Million Passengers in One Year..the fighting, working manpower of America!**

It will amaze many to learn that Greyhound and other bus lines now carry more than half of all *intercity* passengers between cities, towns, military centers, farm and factory areas. Buses do this immensely important job on less than 3 per cent of the motor fuel used by all commercial vehicles!

Greyhound, doing the largest single share of this war job, has seen its passengers change, almost

overnight, to war plant workers, men and women in uniform, farm help—and all the others whose trips are so necessary to back our fighting men in far lands.

To provide extra space on buses for men and women in the service, Greyhound is urging civilians to take only necessary trips, to avoid travel on holidays and week-ends, to take less baggage—to buy War Savings Bonds rather than trips.

# GREYHOUND





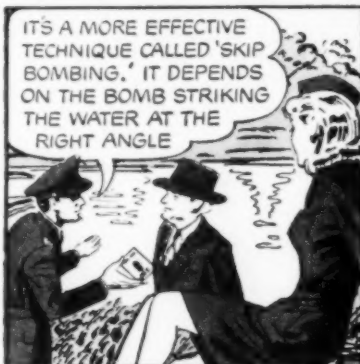
# BOUNDBING BOMBS

**BEAT AXIS WAR-SHIPS!**

AMAZING NEW  
TECHNIQUE  
SMASHES SHIPS  
BELOW WATER-  
LINE

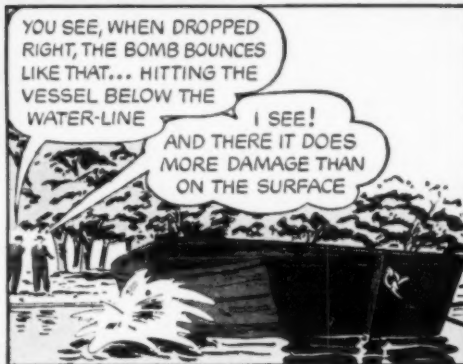


IT'S A MORE EFFECTIVE  
TECHNIQUE CALLED 'SKIP  
BOMBING,' IT DEPENDS  
ON THE BOMB STRIKING  
THE WATER AT THE  
RIGHT ANGLE



THE PLANE  
HAS COME  
IN LOW,  
RELEASED  
ITS LOAD.  
NOW IMAGINE  
THAT EMPTY P.A.  
PACKAGE TO BE  
THE PROJECTILE

YOU SEE, WHEN DROPPED  
RIGHT, THE BOMB BOUNCES  
LIKE THAT... HITTING THE  
VESSEL BELOW THE  
WATER-LINE



I SEE!  
AND THERE IT DOES  
MORE DAMAGE THAN  
ON THE SURFACE

EXACTLY! THE  
PRESSURE OF AN  
EXPLOSION IN WATER  
EXCEEDS THAT OF THE  
SAME BURST IN THE  
OPEN



MAY I OFFER YOU  
ANOTHER SMOKE OF  
**PRINCE ALBERT,**  
CAPTAIN?



I WAS  
HOPING YOU WOULD.  
I CAN USE ANOTHER  
MILD, TASTY PAPER-  
FUL RIGHT NOW

IT'S GOOD TO KNOW  
THAT A TOBACCO CAN  
BE REALLY **MILD,** YET  
HAVE SUCH GOOD,  
**RICH TASTE**



GOOD? IT'S  
WONDERFUL!  
IN ROLLED  
SMOKES OR PIPES,  
**PRINCE ALBERT** IS  
SO EASY ON MY TONGUE



PRINCE ALBERT'S MY  
'BUNKIE' NOW. IT'S SO MILD—  
EASY ON MY TONGUE, YET **RICH-  
TASTING.** EASY-ROLLING, TOO  
—LAYS SNUG, SHAPES  
UP FIRM

## PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

BUY  
WAR BONDS  
AND  
STAMPS

**50** pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert

**70**

fine roll-your-own cigarettes in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert

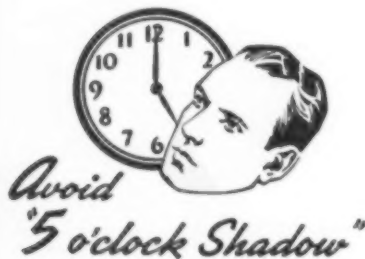




**"YOU CAN'T TELL ME IT'S HIS SINGING. IT MUST BE THOSE SUPER-SMOOTH GEM BLADES HE USES!"**

Look around you. Isn't it a fact that the most popular men are those with that well-groomed look? You get that way by shaving with a *genuine* Gem Blade. Gem's durable, super-keen edge gives you *all-day* face-neatness. Gems are made by the makers of your Gem Razor. They *must* fit precisely, shave perfectly.

Gem Division, American Safety Razor Corp., Brooklyn 1, N. Y.



## THE STRAIGHT DOPE

**T**WO soldiers and a sailor got into a fight and landed in a Tacoma, Washington, brig. The soldiers chipped in and paid the bluejacket's \$25 fine to save him from being over-leave, and as the swab-jockey departed, the cop on duty scratched his head and said: "Now I've seen everything." He had.

Before she enlisted in the women's Marines, pretty Loretta Fuhrer trained wild animals, including monkeys. This does not qualify her as a DI, but it ought to help.

When a DE boat rammed and sunk a Jap sub, it discovered the Nip pig-boat was equipped with two periscopes. We knew the Japs had poor eyesight, but we didn't know it was that bad.

Recently a man named Abel Marine joined the Marine Corps, but the score has been evened. The other day the Navy got a man named Clarence Marine.

Hitler's voice, Goebbels, has been ill. Probably throat trouble, caused from stripping his vocal gears from forward to reverse.

A gent named Gallarti Scotti quit his job. No one can blame him. He was the mayor of Milan, Italy.

A movie studio is making a picture in which the villain is never seen. This idea should be developed. Entire pictures might be made this way.

Odd Coincidence Dept. — Just about the time the gas ban was eased in Washington, D. C., Congress reconvened.

And to think that for all these years the boot of Italy has been getting along on a half-sole and a heel.

The U. S. Army Air Forces certainly got what it ordered—Hamburg, well done.

Remember the old one about, "If we had some ham we could have some ham and eggs, if we had some eggs?" That's the way it is with Rome. If it had some trains it could have some train travel if it had some train tracks.

It was the Berlin radio that first announced, "All German and Italian soldiers have been withdrawn from Sicily." Withdrawn by stretcher or coffin?

The only humane thing the Nazis did during their occupation of Russia's Orel was not to try to Germanize the population.

Clothes, says an expert, may reflect a person's mood. A girl who is mentally depressed might well be dressed in heavy dark clothes. Now what we'd like to see is Betty Grable when she never felt happier in her life.

The Naval Air Technical Training Center at Jacksonville, Fla., has a football team. The squad at first numbered 35, of which 33 were Marines and two were sailors. The uninformed might safely assume the gobs were waterboys.

Commenting on the "magnificent" American operations in the Sicilian campaign, British General Alexander said he had never seen "such remarkable military engineering accomplishments." Speaking of engineering feats, we have come a long way from the old T-model days, haven't we?

EDITORS-IN-CHIEF: The Commandant; Colonel John Potts. EDITOR AND PUBLISHER: Captain Walter W. Hitesman, Jr. EDITORIAL STAFF: TSgt. F. X. Tolbert, SSgt. R. H. Myers; Corp. M. J. Smith; Pfc. M. F. Irwin; Privs. H. Bergman, N. Kuhne, I. R. McVay. ART STAFF: Sgts. G. W. Godden, J. C. DeGrasse, J. P. Denman; Corp. F. Rhoads. BUSINESS STAFF: Sgts. W. C. Burt, V. DeCesaris, A. C. Longo; Sgt. R. H. McLean; Pfc. H. A. Burr, F. M. Cronk, G. G. Jones, T. A. Slavin. DISTRIBUTION STAFF: Capt. J. B. Robertson, In-Charge; TSgt. E. W. Drake; SSgt. M. Danishek; Sgts. F. E. Beck, R. W. Dorothy, T. R. Flanagan, J. J. Gillis; Corps. F. C. Bayley, J. A. Bigelow, E. B. Bond, H. J. Bremer, J. P. Deverin, R. J. Gebler, T. E. Hairston, C. V. G. Hodgdon, J. F. Lore, A. J. Sheridan; Pfc. J. Joy, R. A. Kamford, R. J. Owens, J. F. Saunders, R. Stephen; Privs. T. C. Gudger, R. R. Kiehmeier, G. E. Morgan.



*The ancients thought that their Sun God alone was responsible when they enjoyed health and vigor. They made many sacrifices which they hoped would keep him in good humor.*

## Apollo got the Glory ... the Vitamins did the work

Fortunately, we do not have to depend upon the whims of an Apollo for safeguards for our health. Science has demonstrated over and over again that sensible living and proper nutrition are the first steps toward a robust body and an alert mind.

The entire nation looks eagerly for news about Science's continuous studies of vitamins. One fact that has been determined is that the B Complex vitamins are the least plentiful in the foods that come to your table. Physicians say that your body is quick to feel a B Vitamins deficiency, but unharmed if you get more than enough.

\* \* \*

The home of Budweiser is one of the world's biggest sources of B Complex vitamins. They are contained in brewer's yeast, which we supply to leading pharmaceutical manufacturers. From them, our armed forces and our civilian population obtain millions of B Complex vitamin units to supplement the daily diet when necessary. The perfection of this vitamin-rich yeast is one more result of laboratory and research work that has helped to produce the world's most popular beer.



In addition to supplying the armed forces with glider parts, gun turret parts and foodstuffs, Anheuser-Busch produces materials which go into the manufacture of: Rubber • Aluminum • Munitions • Medicines • Hospital Diets • Baby Foods • Bread and other Bakery products • Vitamin-fortified cattle feeds • Batteries • Paper • Soap and textiles—to name a few.



# Budweiser

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

AB 7 © 1943

A N H E U S E R - B U S C H . . . S A I N T L O U I S

OCTOBER, 1943

# SOUND OFF

## Swerthers' Critics

Sirs:

After reading an article by Corporal Arthur Swerthers of New York entitled "Inspection" in the Carry On section of the June issue of *LEATHERNECK*, I cannot resist the temptation to make a few remarks in regard to this article.

We newcomers, who have had less than two years of service, will stack ourselves against the Corporal in a "beauty contest" after the victory is ours and we return to civilization and beauty salons. But for the time being we have a more important task on our hands and will leave such necessary jobs as impressing the public up to him.

PFC. JAMES R. FARLEY.

"Somewhere in the South Pacific."

Sirs:

We might mention to the old salt that there is a war going on. Certain boots have been required to spend their time learning the arts of war, instead of dandifying themselves.

Due to inadequate facilities and the number of men now in the Marine Corps, conditions cannot be maintained as in peacetime.



## THE COVER:

Marines are noted for their ability to make themselves at home no matter where they land, be it Timbuctoo, Schenectady or, in this instance, Londonderry, Northern Ireland. The Gyrene on the cover is a member of a bagpipe band organized soon after his outfit reached picturesque Londonderry. Needless to say, the band was an instant hit. For a picture of another famed bagpiper, see DETACHMENTS, Page 66.

PFC. J. C. RICHARDSON,  
PFC. P. P. PACE.

Co. B, 1st Para Bn., 1st MAC,  
c/o Fleet Postoffice,  
San Francisco, Calif.

Sirs:

I am not much on this writing stuff but in answer to what Corp. Arthur Swerthers had to say about the appearances of boots, or should I say Cadets, I do agree with him on appearances in the States, but boy, those guys can really fight like old timers when they are out here.

CPL. LLOYD GANZELL.

2nd Marine Raider Bn.,  
c/o Fleet Postoffice,  
San Francisco, Calif.

## Swerthers' Reply

Sirs:

Answering the many critics who landed on my neck for saying some of the new recruits are sloppy in appearance, let me say that most of them jumped off on the wrong foot. They're nuts to think I referred to anyone in combat zones, alighting from transports or in places where it is impossible to remain clean and neat. I was talking about new men who could, but don't keep themselves as a Marine should. I still say many of the new ones look like they need an introduction to a cake of soap and a flat-iron.

CORP. ARTHUR SWERTHERS.  
New York City.

# AT LAST! A SHAVE CREAM THAT ACTUALLY GUARANTEES\* YOU NO RAZOR BURN!




**It's Palmolive Shave Cream! Lather or Brushless! Both Enriched with Olive Oil!**

- 1 RAZOR BURN** isn't caused by tough beard. No sir! It's caused when your razor scrapes against your skin!
- 2 PALMOLIVE SHAVE CREAM** helps protect you against this! It lubricates your skin with a cushion of soap enriched with Olive Oil! This cushion e-a-s-e-s the edge of your razor along so s-m-o-o-t-h-l-y...
- 3 WE GUARANTEE**—no razor burn! Remember, no shave cream not enriched with Olive Oil could possibly give you this same cushion!

Test this unusual guarantee today! If you like rich, creamy lather—ask for Palmolive Shave Cream! If you prefer quick, easy, brushless shaves—get Palmolive Brushless in tube or jar. But either way, ask for PALMOLIVE!




**\*AN AMAZING GUARANTEE!**

If you do not find Palmolive Shave Cream allows no razor burn—return the top of the carton to Palmolive, Jersey City, N. J. We will refund your money.

BRUSHLESS IN  
TUBE OR JAR!

THE LEATHERNECK



## A Word About Ginny

SIRS:

Now that I have recovered from the horror of seeing a picture of NBC's voluptuous Ginny Simms before a disgusting CBS microphone, I am sending a few new pictures which I trust you can use, including one of Georgia Carroll. And stick to the high class networks, will you? (P.S. I'm only joking, understand.)

HAL BOCK.

National Broadcasting Co.,  
Hollywood, Calif.

• Well and good, Mr. B., but tell Ginny to stay away from CBS mikes. And thank you for the pictures. (See AT EASE Dept.)—Eds.

## Salute to the Ladies

SIRS:

The photo showing the precision of their eyes-right drill is sea-school all over again and a D.I.'s dream. We would like to see more of the feminine branch of the service as we have never had the pleasure or opportunity to meet them personally. They were formed after we left the States. We are sure they will be a credit to the Corps and uphold the records of the Marinettes of World War I.

SGT. C. B. RUTTER, USMC.

PFC. R. C. MALONEY, USMC.

PFC. B. PETRIE, USMC.

VMSB-144, MAG-12, FMAW,

c/o Fleet Post Office,

San Francisco, Calif.

• Are you sure it's the precision drill that caught your eye?—Eds.

## Marvels at Diamond

SIRS:

August issue of THE LEATHERNECK offers a print of the color painting by Sergeant Pat Denman of the picturesque Marine, Master Gunnery Sergeant Lou Diamond. Please send me one. On a few occasions I have seen "Gunny" Diamond working and have marveled at his knowledge of the weapons.

FMIST CL. JOHNNIE S. PETERSEN,

M.B., U.S.N.A.S.,

Santa Ana, Calif.



"The Old Goat," as noted Lou Diamond is affectionately known, and a dog become friends. The veteran Marine has long made pets a hobby.

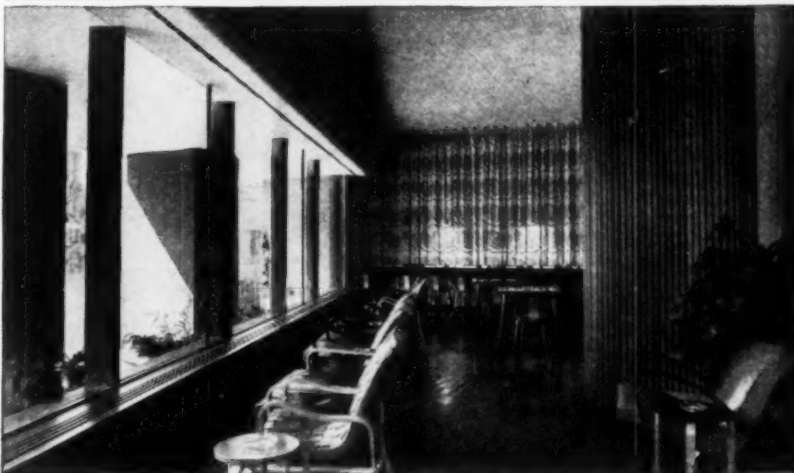
When the girl back home  
Doesn't send a letter,  
Eat a **POWERHOUSE BAR**  
And you'll soon feel better!




CANDY BAR

**WALTER H. JOHNSON CANDY CO., CHICAGO**

## ENLISTED MEN HIT THE SUN DECK AND S-T-R-E-T-C-H OUT WITH PLENTY OF FREE PEPSI-COLA



United Nations enlisted men watch the world go by from the sunny mezzanine of the Pepsi-Cola Canteen for Service Men\*, Mason and Market Sts., San Francisco. Here, shaves with free razor blades, showers, shines, writing paper and many other services are all free—and if you're thirsty there's free Pepsi-Cola to go with the hot

dogs and hamburgers. In New York it's the Pepsi-Cola Times Square Canteen, 47th St. and Broadway... in Washington the Pepsi-Cola Canteen\*, 13th and "G" Sts. Come on in.

\*In cooperation with Recreation Services, Inc. in Washington, D. C.—with Hospitality House in San Francisco.



**CROTON AQUAMATIC**—the waterproof, shockproof watch that winds itself. 17 jewels. Anti-magnetic. Sweep second hand, radium dial, all steel case, waterproof strap. . . . \$45.00

## BEFORE BUYING ANY WATERPROOF WATCH —get these facts!

Not all waterproof watches are alike. And not all watches called waterproof really are! Croton waterproof watches, "pioneer" watches of their kind, are scientifically built to resist water, shocks, magnetism. Only craftsmanship and materials of the first rank go into their making; their cases are pre-tested to insure maximum protection; they keep time dependably under the worst possible conditions. Ask any service man who wears one!

Look for the guarantee attached to every CROTON waterproof watch.

**Croton**  
WATCHES  
FOR ALL TIME SINCE 1878

Free folder on request. Croton Watch Co., 48 W. 48th, New York 19, N.Y.



**CROTON AQUAMEDICO**—Sweep hand tells time to the second. Waterproof, shockproof, anti-magnetic. 17 jewels. Radium dial, steel back case, waterproof strap. . . . \$33.75

## Parent Likes Gist

SIRS:

While I realize THE LEATHERNECK is a magazine dedicated to the Marines and their interests, I feel you will be interested to know the reaction of parents of Marines regarding your announcement on page 40 of the August issue stating that "Gist Moves On."

It seems to me good citizenship demands a Marine to be fully informed regarding the world in general, as well as items of Marine activities. Especially when items of news are as well presented as the article in the July issue giving both sides of the disputes between Labor and Industrial management.

ROBERT DAVIDSON.

365 West 34th St.,  
New York, N. Y.

• In matters of controversy, THE LEATHERNECK seeks only to present facts fairly and impartially; let readers make up their own minds. As for GIST, we would like more comment.—Eds.

## Aerial Gunnery

SIRS:

Every Marine is proud of his outfit—I am an aerial gunner. As a hint—what about an article on Aerial Gunnery?

CORPORAL NICORA.

USMCAS,  
Cherry Point, N. C.

• O.K. Send it along.

## No "Congressional Warrants"

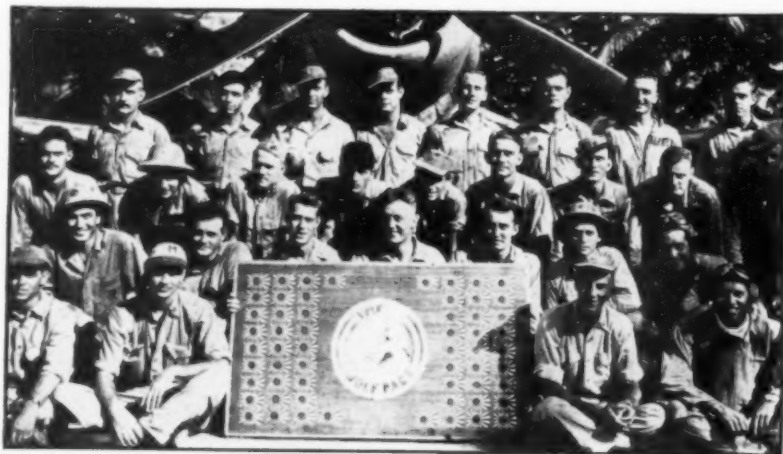
SIRS:

The Lou Diamond story in the August issue was fine. I passed it on to a friend, Lieutenant Kenneth M. McNeese, commandant of aviation cadets here and an ex-Marine, and he chuckled over it for hours. . . . McNeese thinks that the toughest of the old-time Marine sergeants was Gunnery Sergeant Martin Carroll. . . . Carroll had a certificate in his record book, authorized by a general, which stated that he did not have to comb his hair because it was snow white and stood straight on end. . . . As McNeese recalls it, either Mickey Finn or Carroll had "Congressional warrants," which meant that they couldn't be busted except by act of Congress. . . .

LT. LORIN C. McMULLEN.

U. S. Army Air Forces,  
Goodfellow Field,  
San Angelo, Tex.

• We asked Master Gunnery Sergeant Michael T. (Mickey) Finn about the "Congressional warrants" and Finn replied: "I have been asked a hundred times or more as to whether I have one of these so-called Congressional warrants. I don't have one, and I don't believe there is such a warrant. There have been some old timers who tell people, who know nothing about the Marine Corps, that they have Congressional warrants. But it's a lot of baloney. A good court martial will bust any of them without an act of Congress. Gunnery Sergeant Martin Carroll died some

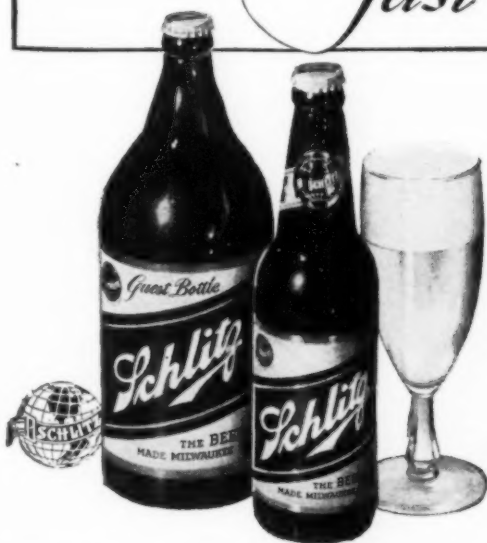


Here's a Marine Fighter Squadron in the South Pacific which built up one of the finest combat records of the war. Note the Jap plane tally board bearing the score of victims. Left to right, bottom row, 1st Lt. J. E. Johnson, St. Louis; Capt. K. J. Dik, Barre, Vt.; Capt. R. B. Fraser, Geneseo, N. Y.; 1st Lt. W. W. Laird, Sonora, Calif.; Second row, 1st Lt. S. T. Synar, Muskogee, Okla.; 1st Lt. H. A. Olsson, Jr., Phoenix, Ariz.; 1st Lt. J. D. Noble, Holden, Mo.; 1st Lt. A. G. Donahue, Texas City, Tex.; Capt. J. B. Maguire, Jr., Jenkintown, Pa.; 1st Lt. Samuel Richards, Jr., Bates, Ark.; 1st Lt. T. F. McEvoy, Albany, N. Y.; Third row, 1st Lt. J. E. Morrison, Yakima, Wash.; 1st Lt. J. P. Lynch, Boston; 1st Lt. W. E. Sigler, Scarsdale, N. Y.; 1st Lt. J. J. DeBlane, St. Martinsville, La.; 1st Lt. J. L. Secrest, Bailey, Miss.; 1st Lt. J. R. Stack, Compton, Md.; 1st Lt. W. P. Nichols, Beaumont, Tex.; 1st Lt. M. M. Cook, San Francisco; 1st Lt. J. Willcox, Bremerton, Wash.; Fourth row, 1st Lt. O. J. Seifert, New Ulm, Minn.; 1st Lt. J. G. Percy, San Francisco; 1st Lt. C. P. Spencer, Williams Bay, Wis.; 1st Lt. J. B. Mass, Jr., Grosse Pointe, Mich.; Capt. M. R. Yunch, New York; Capt. B. H. Baesler, Lake City Minn.; 1st Lt. H. H. Harter, Milwaukee; 1st Lt. A. R. Rober, Borger, Tex.

# Reflection of No bitterness



*Just the KISS of the hops*



—all of the delicate hop flavor—none of the bitterness. Once you taste America's most distinguished beer you'll never go back to a bitter

brew. You'll always want that famous flavor found only in SCHLITZ.



Cop. 1943, J. C. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wisc.

*In 12-oz. bottles and Quart Guest Bottles. On tap, too!*

## THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

OCTOBER, 1943

# The Better the Match The Better the Light



## PLENTY OF FIRE-POWER!

And plenty of fire-power in the safety match coming in the familiar red, white and blue box with the picture of Independence Hall!

You want fire-power in a match. Every smoker does. Not just a puny flame on a flimsy stick that has to struggle to live. You want the INDEPENDENCE Match that really goes to town and gives you plenty of time to get that smoke well fired.

Supply centers carry INDEPENDENCE Safety Matches. Wherever you buy your cigarettes, cigars or pipe tobacco, you should be able to buy all you need. Ask for them by brand name—INDEPENDENCE.

*America's Own Match Company*

DIVISION OF BERST-FORSTER-DIXFIELD COMPANY • NEW YORK 17, N. Y. • MADE IN U. S. A.

years ago in Florida after he had gone out of service on retirement. He was quite a character."

USMCWR, 3; USMC, 0

Sirs:

We saw a picture of two feminine Marines in the June issue of *THE LEATHERNECK* and they had emblems all over their uniforms. How about taking up a collection from them and sending us some? We can't even find one to go on liberty with. If they rate three of them we ought to be able to have at least one.

PFC. WILLIAM J. JURST,  
PFC. STANLEY MASTICK,  
PFC. LEON E. GORSLINE.

Co. F., 2nd Bn., 1st Marines,  
c/o Fleet Post Office,  
San Francisco, Calif.

• Perhaps Pfc. Jurst, Mastick, Gorsline can borrow "liberty emblems" from the ladies.—Eds.

### Info Requested

Sirs:

Please advise the date of appointment to the rank of Major General of the late Smedley D. Butler.

SGT-MAJ. PETER SCHUSTER  
U.S.M.C. Recruiting Station  
Columbia, S. C.

• The late Smedley D. Butler was appointed to the rank of Major General in the U. S. Marine Corps 5 July, 1929.—Eds.

### Wanted: Hip Pockets

Sirs:

I agree with 1st Sgt. George C. Bond, Jr., on "No Hip Pockets." Appearance without hip pockets isn't what it should be. I think what the Marine Corps should do is use up all the current stock of "No Hip" trousers and see that in the future when trousers are made they have hip pockets.

SGT. RAY F. ADAMS.

Recruiting Station,  
Flint, Mich.

• Quartermaster, please note.—Eds.

(Turn to page 42)



"Beg pardon, please, but have you notified Hon. *LEATHERNECK* magazine of your change of address?"

THE LEATHERNECK



Many thousands of our fighters learned to shoot in the nation's duck marshes. There they learned, too, of the greater effectiveness of the Western Super-X shot shell—the long range wildfowl load with *short shot string*.



## STILL GETTING THERE

### ...“Fustest with the Mostest”

On far flung battle fronts, getting there “fustest with the mostest” is sending our enemies reeling.

Yesterday General Forrest’s famous words could be applied fittingly to the Super-X high velocity, long-range duck load. Its exclusive *short shot string* put more pellets on the bird.

Today Western-operated plants are helping the United Nations to get there “fustest with the mostest” by

turning out military cartridges by the *billions*—and rifles by the hundreds of thousands, from Western’s Winchester plant.

We are also producing explosives and critical metals in enormous quantities—and, among other things, shot shells, traps and targets for aerial gunnery training...all for the only thing that really counts, the Victory that will bring a return to the peaceful pursuits of life and happiness. One of them is *hunting!*



# Western

CARTRIDGE COMPANY

EAST ALTON, ILL.

# GIZMO and EIGHTBALL

By RHOADS

LAST MONTH, GIZMO AND EIGHTBALL HEARD THEIR SPECIAL REQUEST OF MARIA MONTEZ AND ANNE GUYWYNE "POPPING" SOAP BUBBLES, FROM THEIR HOLLYWOOD TUB, OVER SHORT WAVE ESPECIALLY FOR GIZ. AND EIGHT. — THAT AINT SCUTTLEBUTT, EITHER - **WOW!** THE MOVIE STARS SURE GOT A "BANG" OUT OF THE BUBBLE "POPPING" AND WANT TO DO ALL THEY CAN TO BOOST MORALE—  
SO-O-O-O

NOW THAT WE'VE HAD OUR BATH, ANNE — LET'S DROP GIZMO AND EIGHTBALL A LINE— MUST GET LONESOME WAY DOWN UNDER

**SWELL!** MARIA — A NICE LETTER WILL DO WONDERS TO GET THEIR MINDS OFF THE JAPS FOR AWHILE



**Universal Pictures Company, Inc.**  
HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS  
UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIFORNIA

AUG. 9, 1943

Dear Gizmo and Eightball:

By now you probably will have seen the results of your desire -- mainly, to have me stick some pins in bubbles while Maria was taking a bath.

How would you like to have had some of that soap that went "pop"?

In other words, just my way of saying, please keep it clean.

We both thought your request was pretty funny but, as Maria pointed out, nothing's too good for the Marines and it was a pleasure to "pop" a few for you.

Hurry home and bring me a Jap necklace.

Best to both of you.

*Anne Guywne*  
(Anne Guywne)

**Universal Pictures Company**  
HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS  
UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIFORNIA

AUG. 9, 1943

Dear Gizmo and Eightball:

Believe me, brothers, with soap as it is now you really put in a difficult request -- that of getting up enough lather to make bubbles that you could hear burst.

But, as they say in the movie business, there's nothing too tough to do -- particularly for a couple of tough Marines who are doing a tough job.

So, all in all, it was a pleasure for Anne Guywne and me to get together and break a couple of bubbles for you.

Only wish you were here.

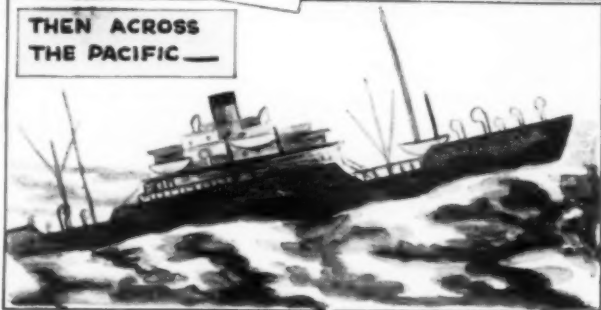
Best wishes.

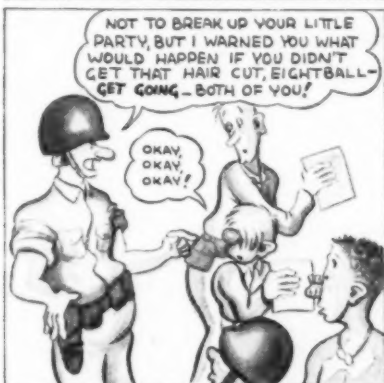
*Maria Montez*  
(Maria Montez)



ALL SIGNED AND SEALED— HOPE THE BOYS HOMETOWN GIRLFRIENDS DON'T MIND!

**THEN ACROSS THE PACIFIC —**





## CONSPICUOUS as a Target



How would you like to have to fight in this impressively colorful but highly visible sergeant's uniform of 1812 . . . gray clothing, red tash, white epaulettes and high leather hat.

Conspicuous  
for  
Smoking  
Pleasure



## KING EDWARD

This great cigar is outstanding because it combines fine quality tobaccos and skillful workmanship in a smoke that is big, satisfying and mellow . . . yet at such a small cost that any purse can afford America's most popular cigar.

Try KING EDWARD today . . . and note that each KING EDWARD gives you a full 40 minutes of smoking enjoyment.



## KING EDWARD Cigars



# \* Apple "Honey"

GUARDS NATURAL MOISTURE... PROTECTS

## FRESHNESS!



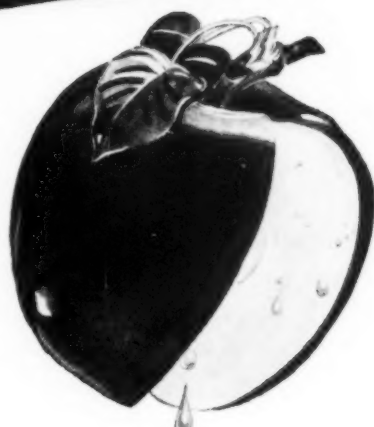
**FRESH!** That's how Apple "Honey" helps keep Old Gold's choice tobaccos. Made from the pure juice of apples, this new conditioning agent provides a protection tobaccos need to retain natural moisture and stay fresh on their way to you.

### WHAT APPLE "HONEY" DOES FOR TOBACCOS...

Apple "Honey" is sprayed on Old Gold tobaccos until every shred of this famous blend, including delightful Latakia, has been reached—every fiber guarded from dryness. And it is completely tasteless—makes no change in flavor.

### WHAT APPLE "HONEY" DOES FOR YOU...

By guarding the moisture and freshness of Old Gold's choice imported and domestic tobaccos, Apple "Honey" helps you to have all the smoking pleasures that this fine blend can provide. Just try a pack of Old Golds today. Then you'll really know what Apple "Honey" can mean to you.



BACK  
THE  
ATTACK  
WITH  
WAR  
BONDS!

"HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT  
APPLE Honey?"



# Old Gold

CIGARETTES



*Lowest*

The results of impartial tests as published by Reader's Digest in July of last year, when figured in percentages, show that Old Gold was:

**14% LOWER** in nicotine

**10% LOWER** in throat-irritating tars and resins

than the average of the 6 other brands tested.

\* This new moistening agent was first developed by scientists in the Eastern Regional Research Laboratory of the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture. We named it Apple "Honey."

P. Lorillard Company—Established 1760

LISTEN TO: Sammy Kaye's Band and Guests, Wednesday Evenings, CBS Network • Bob Crosby and His Orchestra, Sunday Evenings, NBC Network

THE LEATHERNECK



# Machine-Guns in the Solomons

By Ralph P. Kennedy, Jr.\*

THE machine-gun is the most important automatic weapon at the disposal of the battalion commander. The tactics, mechanics, and technique for the use of the .30 caliber, water-cooled, Browning machine gun are described in basic field manual. However, the variable situations and the changing terrain over which the Marine Corps has recently had to operate has led to several instances which the average gunner seldom encounters and in which he is often sketchily trained. Such was the case in the Marine Corps campaigns in the Solomon Islands. In this article I have tried to describe these circumstances, conditions and problems and have offered solutions which may in some way tend to alleviate the difficulties which present themselves to those men in machine gun outfits.

IN the initial assault landings in the Solomons, at least those which took place on small isolated beaches or areas, the Browning machine-gun, .30 caliber, water-cooled, usually came in with the third wave of infantry troops.

In our battalion, which landed on Gavutu, such was the case. Each of our machine-gun platoons came in with the third wave of the rifle company to which they were attached. Our machine-gun units could have provided

\*Captain, U.S.M.C.R.



The action provided a new testing ground for Marines in the use of machine guns, and situations unforeseen when the troops underwent original training.

some worthwhile fire had it been necessary, but fortunately the parachute troops had already established a beach head and protective fire for our landing troops was not needed.

The purpose of the machine-gun platoon is to support by fire from the flanks, from overhead, or from gaps in the front line, the attacking rifle units. In actual operations, this support was a big problem for the machine-gunner. Those outfits which made the landings on the various beaches of Tulagi were in most instances pushing forward up-

hill from the time that they hit the beach. Tulagi, itself, is nothing more than a big hill rising out of the water to a height of about 230 feet. There are several places where the machine-gun could fire uphill over the heads of our own troops and where this was at all possible, overhead fire was provided. There were spots where the slope upward was such that the advance of our own troops masked our fire and, thus, prevented us from giving them any support. In many instances the fire of the machine-guns was most effectively used in covering and firing up draws and cuts in the terrain.

On Gavutu, the situation was different altogether. Gavutu is a small island connected by a causeway to Tanambogo, a similar island about 150 yards away. Gavutu is perfectly level from the beach to about 200 yards inland and then rises abruptly into a long, narrow hill, 170 feet in height. The machine-gun platoons here were unable to provide any overhead fire initially, but they spread out and protected the flanks of the units. One platoon eventually set up on top of the hill and was able to get off overhead fire on any likely targets on Gavutu and also the forward half of Tanambogo, where most of the enemy were concentrated. Later, when an assault was made on the remaining Japs on Tanambogo, the machine-gun platoon set-up on top of the hill was able to provide perfect overhead fire until our own troops had established contact with the Japs.



Bloody Tulagi was the scene of one of the fiercest assaults, and afforded positions where protection to troops could be given by use of overhead fire.

MACHINE-GUN platoon leaders landing on Guadalcanal found no overhead fire possible. However here again they were able to fire from and protect the flanks of their own units. This was also a perfect oppor-

tunity for them to fire through any gaps in their own front lines as they were advancing on a fairly wide front. The level ground of the coconut groves through which much of the advance was made provided good grazing fire for machine-guns.

While the sustained fire-power of the .30 caliber, Browning machine gun, water-cooled, is a decided asset and even a necessity on a final protective line, it was too heavy a weapon to be used with much success on a landing of the Guadalcanal sort.

One of the major problems connected with the heavy machine-gun is transportation of ammunition. Movement of

equipped with the much lighter and more portable air-cooled, .30 caliber, machine-gun. This would reduce the weight and bulk to be carried both of the gun and ammunition and would enable the machine-gun platoon to move as fast as the rifle platoon. It should be pointed out here that the short bursts and the intermittent fire of the light, air-cooled gun are all that are required initially on a landing. If the air-cooled .30 is used, it can be placed in the front line and used as any of the light automatic weapons.

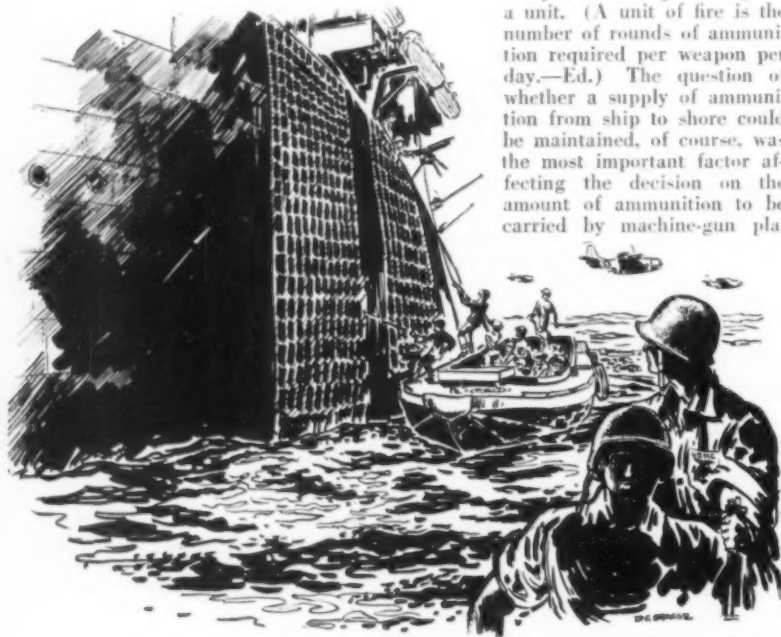
It was necessary for some weapon companies to make the landing with a full unit of fire. Others had only to carry a smaller percentage of a unit. (A unit of fire is the number of rounds of ammunition required per weapon per day.—Ed.) The question of whether a supply of ammunition from ship to shore could be maintained, of course, was the most important factor affecting the decision on the amount of ammunition to be carried by machine-gun platoon.

panies was maintained. In this manner the necessity for carrying large amounts of ammunition was eliminated and, still, the ammunition supply was well maintained without exhausting personnel. Care must be exercised that neither too little nor too much ammunition be taken along by the platoon.

**I**N an established defensive set-up, such as that on Guadalcanal and some of the other islands, the .30 caliber, water-cooled gun is undoubtedly one of the most valuable weapons we had at our disposal. The most important function of the heavy machine-gun, that of laying down the final protective line, was the main mission of the great majority of the guns on the front lines and on the beaches. The greatest trouble here was clearing a field of fire. As a great part of the front line was in the jungle, it took superhuman effort on the part of the Marines to clear fields of fire through the heavy brush. The procedure followed was first to clear out the vines and smaller shrubbery with machetes. Then to cut down the trees and larger brush with cross-cut saws and axes. The final phase would be the dynamiting of the stumps and any of the trees too large to cut. If dynamite or TNT was not available, then crude oil or drain oil of any kind was poured over the remaining stumps and undergrowth. When set on fire this served to clear out the rest of the field of fire. Most of these fields of fire were nothing but a path cut through the jungle, usually from 20 to 30 feet wide. However, in some cases the edges of the jungle were cleared and thinned so an actual path was not necessary.

After the field of fire was constructed, it was decided by a directive sent down from headquarters whether emplacements would be dug or wire strung. The double apron fence was the type always constructed for the final protective line. Most of these fences contained two or three more strands of wire than the regulation double apron fence. Often these strands were added on fences that were, originally, built too low. The method of tying tin cans to strands of wire to make noise when the enemy tried to slip through or cut the wire was very successful. There were times when the Japs tied string to the wire, moved out a distance and then rattled the wires causing the machine-gunner to fire and give away his position. After the double apron fence of tactical wire was completed, the emplacements were built. Of course, before emplacements could be dug or fields of fire cleared, it was necessary for the machine-gun platoon leader and the rifle company commander to decide on what ground they wanted the final protective line laid and where the machine-guns could best accomplish their mission. The machine-gun platoon leader generally acted in an advisory capacity to the rifle company commander and suggested positions and fields of fire which he believed best for his platoon.

(Turn to page 48)



Time in many instances was lost in the understandable problem of transferring machine-guns and ammunition from the ships to the waiting Higgins boats.

the machine-gun platoons in the Solomons was hampered to some extent because of the time needed to load and unload ammunition and guns into landing boats. Improper technique in the use of handling lines and poor or insufficient training in the proper methods of lowering this gear into Higgins boats resulted in the greatest loss of time. A shortage and misplacement of nets and ropes often resulted in confusion and delay.

The attaching of machine-gun platoons to rifle companies was done by some battalions. The decision as to whether or not they were to be attached rested with the battalion or regimental commander. While this provided a great increase in the fire power of the rifle company it decreased their mobility and prevented them from moving as fast as they might have otherwise. It has been recommended by some weapons company commanders that, when a landing is to be attempted, the machine-gun platoon should be

toons. But again the old problem of terrain entered into the picture. On Tulagi and Gavutu the total amount of ground over which the attack was to be made was small and each man could be loaded with as much ammunition as he could carry. Consequently, a unit of fire was carried with each gun. Usually, this was done by having each man in the platoon carry one belt in his pack, ammunition carriers taking the rest. On Guadalcanal, the situation and terrain were different and, as a result, a different procedure was followed. The distance over which the attack would go was at first unknown, but undoubtedly would be for several miles inland. It was decided to take only the amount of ammunition that could be easily handled by the ammunition bearers in the machine-gun squads. The rest of the ammunition supply was brought in by the amphibian tractors, and several centrally located dumps were established. Out of these dumps the ammunition supply to the battalions and com-

# Deadly Teams Emerge from This Academy

By Frank X. Tolbert

**E**ARLY this Autumn a colonel and a major came out to Green's Farm in the hills north of San Diego to inspect the Marine Corps' new school for Scouts and Snipers.

The colonel and the major boarded a jeep with First Lieutenant Claude N. Harris, commanding officer of the school, and were given a fast ride through the brush to an upland pasture about three miles from the detachment's farmhouse headquarters. This pasture was in a canyon. There were a lot of bushes and rocks in the canyon, but the August heat had dried up most of the grass. There was a little shack in the middle of the pasture, and nothing much else, as far as the two senior officers could see.

Lieutenant Harris said:

"Well, sirs, we can get out here and look over a class in creeping and crawling."

The colonel looked up and down the canyon. The major looked up and down the canyon. But all they saw were heat waves bouncing off the rocks and short bushes moving gently in the breeze and a buzzard sitting on a little tree about 150 yards away.

"I suppose, lieutenant," said the colonel, "you mean that the class will be along presently."

"No, sir, they're here right now," replied Lieutenant Harris. He turned and yelled: "OK, boys, stand up."

Two teen age Marines in camouflaged suits arose from the brush only a few yards from the officers. Another helmeted youth crawled with a snake-like motion from a "spider trap" about three feet from the colonel's boots (a spider trap is a foxhole, often a deep one, covered over by a lattice-work of branches and shrubbery designed to blend with the landscape). Other Marines popped up from behind rocks and bushes all over the pasture. The buzzard left his perch and flew off, in great alarm, toward Camp Elliott.

Had the buzzard stayed around he would have seen some sights that might have thrilled even a buzzard. Anyway,

this class of Lieutenant Harris' in the twin science of scouting and sniping gave a display that pleased the colonel and the major. And, to say this, is high praise, for the two senior officers had served in war theaters all over the globe.

The boys crept and crawled over the hot rocks and through the sparse, thorny bushes for as much as 1,000 yards without once revealing their camouflaged persons to the officers on the roof of the shack. And, later, they moved stealthily down the canyon, snap firing at disappearing and moving targets in the brush. And, later still, they

begged me to take him in the school. Now he's making a good hand. We seldom make such an exception and take a sharpshooter, however."

**L**IEUTENANT Harris, watching his students move through the brush like so many mountain goats and fire with an accuracy that would have almost pleased a director of cowboy movies, seemed a very happy man. He has seen a lot of jungle warfare and he believes that graduates of the Scouts and Snipers School are unusually well equipped for fighting in the South Pacific. He believes that their chances for survival in battle have been increased a hundred-fold.

Harris, a veteran of 15 years' service in the Corps and one of the greatest of Marine riflemen, has been C.O. of the school since its start in January of this year. The lieutenant, then a Marine gunner, was brought from an island outpost in the Pacific to organize and command this new academy for killers.

As a rifleman, Harris was one of the proudest proteges of Colonel Merritt A. Edson, the Raider chief. Harris won the national rifle championship in 1935 and he fired on seven championship Marine Corps teams. In addition to his recent Pacific service, he fought in the Haitian and Nicaraguan campaigns.

So, this rugged, mild-mannered officer was an ideal boss for these gangs of expert riflemen who form the school's classes. Green's Farm is six miles northeast of Camp Elliott. It used to be a stock farm and there's still a remarkably pleasant atmosphere about the place. The kids move on the double at every command. In the mess hall they tell you that Lieutenant Harris is "the best officer we've ever served under in this Marine Corps." The classes in map-reading, sketching, aerial photo reading, compass reading

and other subjects are held out-of-doors under the tall, scaley-barked eucalyptus trees.

For his immediate assistants, Harris selected two seasoned sergeants named Edgar Reynolds and Taylor Collon. Reynolds and Collon are honor graduates of a British Commando School in Scotland.

Collon, a stocky, red-haired man who was cited for rescuing some nurses after their ship was torpedoed en route



lay on their bellies or slung themselves aloft in trees and fired through telescope sights at faraway targets.

"Judging from this shooting, these lads must have done well on the range," said the colonel.

"They're all expert riflemen, sir, in this class, except for one boy," replied the lieutenant. "That boy was a high sharpshooter, a few points under expert. He hiked out here from Camp Elliott one day when he had liberty and



to Britain, startles even the well-conditioned students with his charges at a high lope over the rocky hills.

"He runs like something that ain't human," said one puffing scholar. The kids say Collon's hair is so red that he's the most difficult man in the detachment to camouflage.

The students walk at least 10 miles and that doesn't count all the yardage they creep and crawl.

"Sergeant Reynolds' slowest walk is double time," commented one of the lads.

Reynolds has a course in subduing sentries which must be pretty good for some of the more playful youths in the



Peering from this well concealed "spider-trap" is Pfc. V. N. Caskey.

school have been raising holy hell with real sentries around the camp.

All of the students are volunteers. The school takes 15 expert riflemen out of each replacement battalion at Camp Elliott. Many of the men have had experience as rifle or pistol range coaches. But most of them are fresh from Boot Camp. The course lasts five weeks and the five top men of each class are given three additional weeks of training with a Raider battalion at nearby Camp Pendleton. However, these five do not, necessarily, become Raiders. On graduation, all men are advanced one rank.

Three graduates are allotted to a company but they are not attached to any platoons or squads. They work unattached at their specialties as the company commanders see fit to use them. They operate in pairs, one man equipped with an '03 rifle with telescope sights and the other man having an M-1. In sniping, one man acts as rifleman and the other as spotter.

One of the chief tasks of the instructors is to form smooth-working "teams" for assignment to the companies. The third member of this scout and sniper team is a sort of utility man who is ready in event one member of a team

becomes a casualty or is replaced.

Lieutenant Harris has made a thorough study of scouts and snipers from the days of the French and Indian Wars to the current operators in the South Pacific and Russia. He lectures to the boys about this and impresses on them the importance of their task in their first week at the school.

"Snipers can save a country, sometimes," he tells the kids under the eucalyptus trees. "Look what they've done for Russia."

There are more lectures on camouflage, individual concealment, the making of spider traps, map reading, compass reading and many other subjects. But most of the boys' time is spent in the field.

Reveille is at 0530. Shortly after dawn the students may be out in a canyon crawling through barbed wire entanglements or hastily digging field fortifications or making range estimates. Late in the afternoons, they may come back to the farmhouse to draw maps from memory and do other classwork.

There are no rifle ranges at the school. In the third week of instruction, the boys start firing—always at field targets. The ranges are 200, 300, 400 and 500 yards. The students have to figure out their ranges for themselves. This firing is, usually, in the morning. In the afternoon, there may be hand grenade throwing at field targets and hundreds and hundreds of yards of creeping and crawling.

At night time, Lieutenant Harris gives a lot of instruction on scouting. The Marines are taught "silent walking" over rough terrain. They lie in the darkness. A patrol passes by. And they are asked to estimate the number of men in the patrol by the sound of the footsteps. They get very good at this sort of thing. Instructor Collon is a good man at night. The boys say he can "see in the dark."

Most of the fourth week is taken up with snap firing at the disappearing and moving targets. The targets, managed by wires, may be as far away as 500 yards as the boys move up a canyon. They learn how to hold at any range without setting the sights. Firing is all done from battle sights at the offhand position, usually with a parade sling.

The final week concerns telescopic firing, for the most part, with the students estimating their range and changing their own sights. There's considerable instruction in other infantry weapons, including the B.A.R., the carbine and the Reising gun.

Lieutenant Harris usually selects medium-sized, wiry men for the sniper-scout chores. However, a number of heavyweights have done well at the school. In the classes are a number of six-foot, 200-pounders who have proven themselves as adept as the smaller men at individual concealment—and this is about the only objection to the big fellows.

SOME few members of an earlier class disarmed and hog-tied all of the sentries around the camp one night. The sentries, infantrymen from Camp Elliott, are getting as alert as so many hoot owls when they're doing guard duty at the Scouts and Snipers School.

One of the real heroes of the school this Autumn was a gangling, double-jointed private first class from Oklahoma. The students had attended a dinner at the U. S. Grant Hotel in San Diego. After dinner, while his mates watched, this Oklahoma PFC crawled among the chairs and lounges of the lobby and successfully hot-footed the hotel house detective. And the house dick wasn't asleep at the time!

THE END



All sniper-scout teams are garbed in camouflaged battle-dress to blend with the scenery. Here are Pfc. Howard Thoman (with rifle) and Pfc. L. A. Winter.



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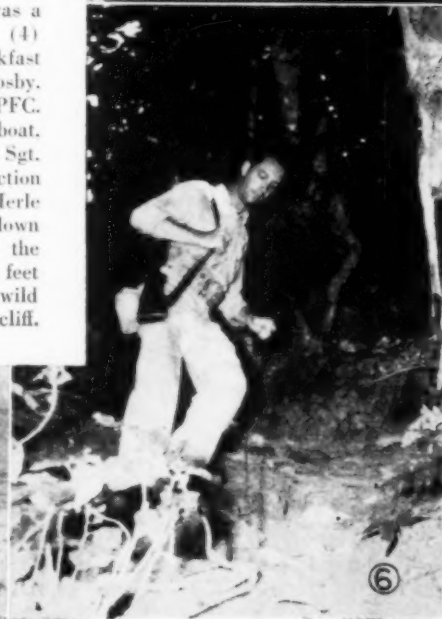
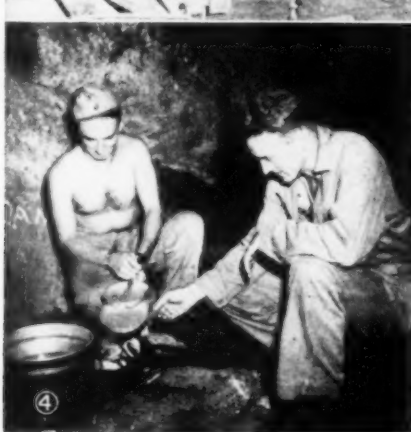
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# "Swiss Family" MARINES



**L**IVING in a cave once occupied by cannibals was the novel experience of a lonely Marine outfit in the South Pacific. (1) Cliff-dwellers shown are Pvt. Albert Smith, Jr., East Orange, N. J. (center), and Pvt. S. Michelini, Clifton, N. J., with a native who brings supplies to the lookout post. (2) Long-shot view of the cave. Mosquitoes, bats and rats forced the men to vacate the cave for a rock tunnel nearby. (3) PFC. Charles Snell, Lebanon, Mo., was a bugler but asked for this duty. (4) Pork chops are on the breakfast menu for Corp. Alexander Crosby, Kansas City, Kan., (left) and PFC. Snell. (5) Native pow-wow, or boat, made from tree trunk, brings 1st Sgt. Harold M. Bolger for an inspection trip to the camp. (6) Pvt. Merle Motter of Bryon, Ill., slides down the steep jungle trail from the watchtower. One Marine fell 50 feet but a coconut tree halted his wild plunge down the side of the cliff.

# Girl Marines *roll*

By Robert H. Myers

*Second in a series of two articles on Women Reserves at Camp Lejeune.*



Welding is just one of the many trades the girls master. Pfc. Myra Iorg of Salt Lake City was one of the first to tame a welding torch.

A MARINE returning to New River's vast Camp Lejeune for a visit after a six-month absence is due for many surprises. The place is forever being developed and improved. New buildings stand where none stood before, and there is a general bustle of activity and expansion all over the camp. But these changes aren't so surprising as the one the visiting Marine sees when he saunters into Area One and suddenly catches sight of the clotheslines stretched out behind the rows of barracks.

Those clotheslines give the tip-off on the changing of the times, the new scheme of things in the Marine Corps. For hanging on the lines are garments which very definitely are not skivvie drawers as Marines know them. They are truly little things of varied shades of pink and baby blue, some adorned with lacy borders and fancy stitchings.

They are panties and pettiskirts and various other unmentionables dear to the wardrobe of the girl friends. They belong to "them lady Marines," as the old salts habitually—but politely—call the women reserves.

Oddly enough, even though they might at first glance seem strangely out of place in a rugged post like New River, these scanty-pants and whatnot flap as bravely in the fall breeze as they did a few months before when their owners enjoyed the comparative privacy of civilians.

"And why not?" demanded one young miss. "We live here, don't we?"

Indeed they do! Thousands of them. They've been at Camp Lejeune since early summer and by now New River is home to them. Few, if any, of the post's thousands of acres hold any mystery for the girls. As boots in a six-week training course that tops anything the girls in the other services get they've been privileged to explore much of Camp Lejeune, and, having finished that phase of life in the Marine Corps, they have virtually free access to other parts of the big camp proper.

Since this story concerns the girls who have completed recruit training, let's see what they're doing. Also how and where.

The girls enlisted to free a Marine to fight, and that's what they're doing; not only at Camp Lejeune, but in innumerable other Marine posts, offices and outfits.

At Camp Lejeune, the girls go into advanced training schools after they finish boot camp. They learn stenography, electrical work, welding, motor transport, telephone switchboard operations, teletyping, clerical duties and many other occupations. Many remain at Camp Lejeune, taking over jobs and freeing men for combat duty, while others are transferred to scattered sections of the country.

Just as the sight of the girls' clotheslines provided a surprise, so was it something of a gentle shock to walk into one workshop and spot a young lady flipping a hefty section of pipe around with as much ease as if it had been a frying pan.

The young lady in question used to work in a defense plant at Compton, California. She made \$72 a week, enjoyed a nice home and played golf on off-days. No one made her quit her job or her comfortable surroundings to join the USMCWR, but she did.

"Sure, I like it. I'm not a bit sorry I enlisted. The only complaint I have right now, if you can call it one, is that I don't get enough work to do. But that'll get straightened out in time."

So saying, Private Anna Mathews, a girl with blue eyes, features not unattractive and the figure of a woman athlete, picked up another section of pipe, secured it in a strapping big piece of machinery that cuts and threads, turned on the juice and watched it go to work.

Then, with proper feminine reaction,

# Roll up their sleeves!

she wiped the heavy black oil off her hands with a fistful of shredded waste-cloth and gazed reflectively at her red-tinted fingernails.

"Pretty hard to keep a manicure here," she concluded. Then, to young First Lieutenant Dorothea Freseman, who was standing by, she added: "Lieutenant, do you think this nail rouge is too dark?"

Lieutenant Freseman said she didn't think so, and Private Mathews, officially listed as a plumber's helper, reached for another hunk of pipe. When the officer had stepped away, Miss Mathews—pardon, Private Mathews, confided that she hoped more work would come her way. "You can't get a rating unless you work. I'm willing to get mine the hard way, but I can't get it just sitting around."

That seemed to be the attitude of most of the girls. A cute little trick named (Private) Nancy Throckmorton, who is 21 and comes from Pawnee City, Nebraska, was cutting and threading a pipe—and nursing a cut finger—with undivided enthusiasm. Yet Private Throckmorton grinned at her fate.

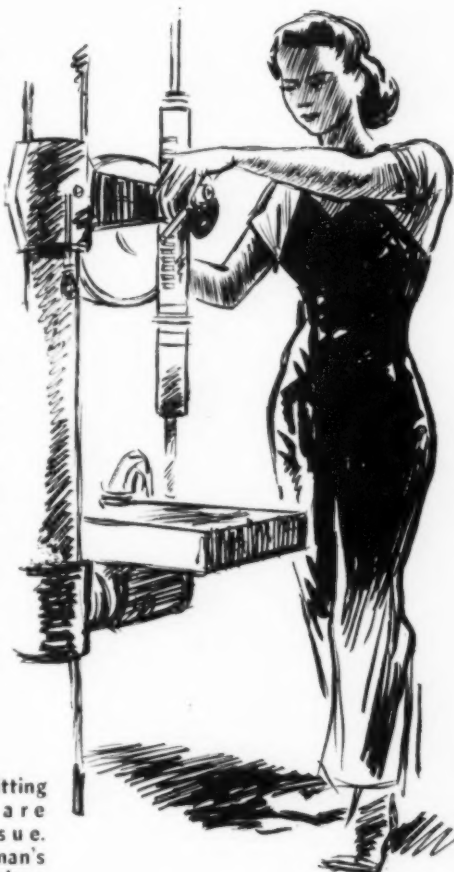
"I guess they must have reached in a hat and picked out my name for this job," she said. Private Throckmorton

majoried in home economics at Northwest State Teachers College, Marysville, Missouri, and later taught mathematics. But she claimed she was a good pipe cutter and threader.

The same held good for Private Charlotte Crane, 25, from Indianapolis, who also quit a good defense job to enlist. "I wanted to do something—so I joined the Marine Corps," she explained. It was just as simple as that.

Over in the Motor Transport School Major K. E. Martin was explaining a few points about a four-wheel-drive Marmon-Herrington truck to several students, while off to one side, busy changing a tire, was brown-eyed, trim-figured Florence V. Mann. She's a private first class, one of the first to finish boot training when it was held at Hunter College, New York, and the "V" in her name, she said, stands for Victory.

Funny thing about her enlistment. The 22-year-old Florence, whose home is Gloucester, Massachusetts, was working in San Francisco as a receptionist and



Form-fitting overalls are latest issue. It's a man's job. Below, Florence V. Mann mans a heavy truck.

happened to see a story in the newspaper about the women's reserves of the Marine Corps. At 2 a.m. she called her mother at home, told her she was going in—and the next morning she did.

She can drive most anything in the motor pool—a feat that Major Martin requires—and posed for a drawing seated in an M-I half-ton truck. It must be added that PFC Mann, except for

(Turn to page 46)





# The Seabees!



**BLUEJACKETS  
OF ALL TRADES**

**By Robert N. Hart**

"THE Seabees dress like swabjockies, fight like Leathernecks and work like hell." That's the way one Marine Corps Combat Correspondent, writing from that variable base, "Somewhere in the South Pacific," voiced his admiration for the men of the Navy's Construction Battalions.

Stories like that of Seabee Lawrence C. Meyer, seaman second class, make it easy to understand why the Navy's oldest branch and its newest have formed unofficial Mutual Admiration societies wherever they have worked and fought together. While doing construction work on one of the Solomon Islands, Meyer's outfit became the special object of attention of raiding Jap airmen. Jumping into a machinegun pit, Meyer manned the gun throughout the raid, and brought down a Zero. Later, on 16 October, 1942, Meyer was killed in action while working on a pontoon barge loaded with gasoline which was struck by an enemy bomb. He was awarded the Silver Star Medal and the Purple Heart Medal posthumously.

Older in average age than the general run of Navy men—their age limits are 17 to 50—the Seabees have been in the thick of the fighting since the initial attacks on the Solomons. Seventy per cent of them are skilled workers who left high paying jobs for the chance to help and see some action.

There is Irving Goldberg of Brooklyn, the first evacuee from the Rendova landing, who deserted a thriving electrical business to become an electrician's mate with the Seabees. Goldberg was injured when he dropped 22 feet from a cargo net into a landing barge.

Thirty-eight year old Elmer W. Bes-ten of Davenport, Iowa, was a police judge in his home city and held licenses

to practice law in Iowa, Illinois and Wisconsin. He became an expert oven builder with the Seabees.

Although 40 years old, Sam Gordon gave up his florist business in Ipswich, Massachusetts, to become a carpenter's mate, second class.

Ronald Crabtree of Owensboro, Kentucky, was a circus barker, night club master of ceremonies and radio announcer before signing up with the Seabees.

Chief Petty Officer Roy Douglas narrowly escaped capture by the Japs in December, 1941, when they took Wake Island. Employed as a civilian waterfront superintendent on that island, Douglas was on leave in Honolulu when the sneak attack on Wake took place. As soon thereafter as he could, he joined the Seabees.

When it became obvious that the great distances involved in this globe-girdling war made it unfeasible for the Navy to continue letting its construction

work out to private contractors, the Navy Construction Battalions came into being, not only to build, but ready to defend and equipped to attack. Adopting the slogan, "Can Do," they pride themselves on being able to build or repair anything, anywhere. They have built air fields in the jungles of the Pacific islands, repaired harbor facilities on the North African coast, constructed living quarters for Marines in Iceland. Frequently working thousands of miles from home with inadequate supplies, they must rely on their own ingenuity and the material at hand. It was the Seabees who used broken bottles as insulators to extend power lines on a South Pacific island. It was they who used lava rock for airplane runways and oil drums for pipe-lines and drainage systems.

Seabees receive the same pay and clothing issue as other naval personnel. Their uniform may be identified by the small block letters "CB" worn near the cuff on the left sleeve. When working with Marines they wear Marine gear. Recruits are secured through voluntary enlistment and induction quotas. Most of the men are skilled laborers and craftsmen such as mechanics, steel workers, carpenters, electricians, riggers, divers, draftsmen, surveyors, etc. Officers are selected from men having engineering or equivalent degrees or who held executive positions in industry or construction.

Enlisted and commissioned Seabees are sent to a basic training center either at Davisville, R. I., or Williamsburg, Va., for an eight-week course (ten for officers) in military customs, methods and maneuvers. Weapons course includes the pistol, rifle and machine gun. It is at boot camp that the Seabee re-



**Adverse conditions mean nothing to these men planning runway ramps for seaplanes. Underfooting is made more treacherous by sharp coral rocks.**



**Navy Construction Battalion men work in any clime, hot or cold.**



ceives his official introduction to the Marines, for the Navy has chosen Marine D. I.'s to instruct him at both basic training centers.

Upon completion of the military training, they are sent to one of three advanced base depots where specialized instruction is given in any one of more than thirty schools. Each Seabee becomes an expert at one trade. The advanced base depots, Camp Elliot, Davisville, R. I.; A.B.D., Gulfport, Miss.; and Camp Rousseau, Port Hueneme, Cal., are located where working conditions are peculiar in climate and landscape to the area in which they are to be sent for duty. Upon the completion of this training, they are shipped to any battlefield on the globe to follow the spearhead of army, navy and Marine fighters.

Each construction battalion is composed of one Headquarters Company and four Construction Companies. The Headquarters Company consists of draftsmen, cooks, gunners, yeomen, storekeepers, barbers, mail clerks, etc. Each Construction Company is made up of a complete coverage of all activities—there are six specialized men of each trade to a battalion.

An amusing sidelight from AP correspondent Lief Erickson with the Marine forces in New Georgia: At Segi Island, New Georgia Group, a naval Seabee officer greeted a Marine Raider Battalion when they landed to drive out the Japs.

"Colonel, the Seabees are always glad to welcome the Marines," said the Seabee officer as he extended his hand in greeting to the Marine commander,

Lieutenant Colonel Michael Currin of South Beach, N. Y.

"Well, I'll be . . ." exclaimed the Colonel.

Lieutenant Bob Ryan, (CEC) USNR, from Ventura, Cal., had landed his construction battalion with the first wave of Marines on June 30th, the day of invasion on the New Georgia Islands. The Seabees had proceeded to scout and survey for possible airfield sites on the Jap-infested island. The Marine Raiders pushed on to Veru Harbor, sweeping enemy outposts before them.

In nine days from the uprooting of the first tree, a Marine plane made an emergency crash landing on the field and within seven days the first plane took off for patrol duty. The Segi Island base is the newest advance air base in the South Pacific area.

THE END



The scene is a Guadalcanal sawmill where the men of the Navy, moving on the double, roll logs off trucks.



Making roadways where there were none before is one of the Seabee jobs. This operational camp is on Attu.



Hurriedly improvised platforms were used in attaching wings to a warplane at this secret Pacific base.



Pontoon sections are assembled in the construction of flat barges on the shores of Massacre Bay, Attu.



# ★ Some Other Marines ★

Enlisted Dutch  
Royal Marine in  
"Dress Whites"

THERE is a very scholarly atmosphere about the library of the Marine Corps Schools at Quantico even though many of the students lounging about the place may be wearing dungarees and field shoes.

The walls of the library are lined with hundreds of books, many of them heavily-bound tomes on military science and history. Overhead, model warplanes are strung by tiny wires from the ceiling, and on tables about the room are toy navies, representing the seapower of all nations.

Officers, just back from the fighting fronts, find the library a soothing place. They study and have quiet talks—talks that are doubly interesting because officers of a half dozen nations, who are attending the Staff and Command School at Quantico, may be in the huddles.

One day last August there was a summery hum over Quantico and heat waves were bouncing off the glittering surface of the Potomac. The officer-scholars were just in from a hot field trip, and they dropped, gratefully, into chairs in the cool library.

A U. S. Army captain started reading a copy of the London Illustrated News, and a gray-haired Dutch Royal Marine picked up a ponderous volume on the American Revolution. A New Zealander was looking at Time Magazine and a British Royal Marine was reading THE LEATHERNECK. A British Royal Engineer was over in a corner with a book about General John Morgan, the Confederate Raider.

A husky young Dutch Marine was staring at the editorial page of a Washington newspaper. He looked up and, pronouncing his words carefully, yet with a thick accent, said:

"What is this writing which says that the United States' Allies will not want to continue the war again the Japanese after the Nazis are beaten? It is not true. Our Dutch fighters will not be stopping in Batavia when the big Pacific offensive gets underway. We will be going on to Tokyo."

The young Hollander was Kapitein der Mariniers Baron E. J. Lewe van Adward. His rank corresponds to a major in the U. S. Marines. He was aide-de-camp to Commanding Colonel M. R. de Bruyne of the Netherlands Royal Marines before he came to the Staff and Command School.

Van Adward continued: "This may sound like big talk to those who know that the bulk of Dutch Marines was lost in the East Indies, but our ranks have been filled with new recruits and there are many Dutch Marines today serving ashore or aboard Her Majesty's warships."

The gray-haired Dutch Marine had laid aside the work on the American Revolution. He held the same rank as van Adward and his name was Leendert Langeveld. He had 25 years service in the Royal Marines and now he is commanding officer of both Marine and Netherlands Army forces at a West Indies post.

"Most Dutch Marines in the West Indies are acting as instructors for new Army recruits," said Langeveld.

"IN rebuilding our Corps," said van Adward, "we have been inspired by the famous battles of the U. S. Marines on Guadalcanal and other battlefields of the South Seas. Our first desire, of course, is to recapture the Netherlands and revenge our dead countrymen. But, we realize, that our biggest duties in this conflict must be amphibious warfare against the Japanese."

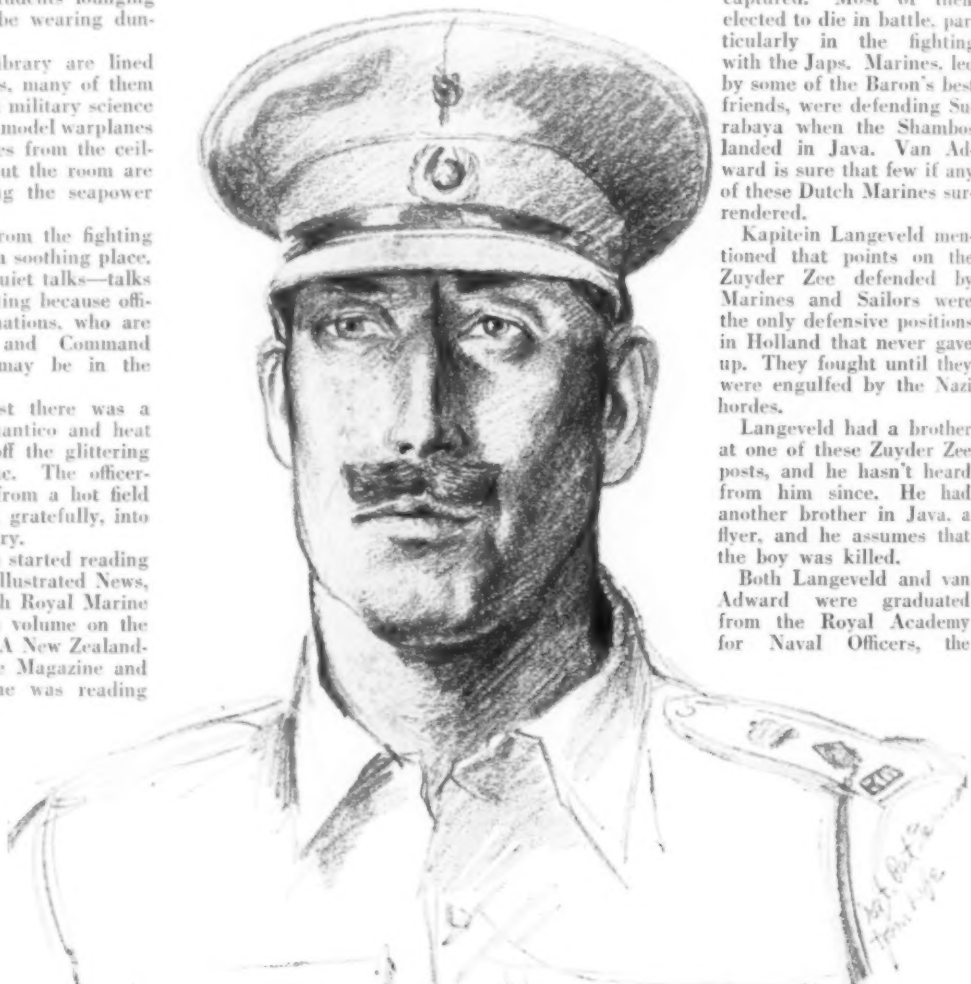
The Baron believes that at least three fourths of the Dutch Marines were killed or captured in the European and East Indies disasters.

"It has been a great inspiration to us," he said, "that few of these were captured. Most of them elected to die in battle, particularly in the fighting with the Japs. Marines, led by some of the Baron's best friends, were defending Surabaya when the Shambos landed in Java. Van Adward is sure that few if any of these Dutch Marines surrendered."

Kapitein Langeveld mentioned that points on the Zuyder Zee defended by Marines and Sailors were the only defensive positions in Holland that never gave up. They fought until they were engulfed by the Nazi hordes.

Langeveld had a brother at one of these Zuyder Zee posts, and he hasn't heard from him since. He had another brother in Java, a flyer, and he assumes that the boy was killed.

Both Langeveld and van Adward were graduated from the Royal Academy for Naval Officers, the



LIEUTENANT COLONEL RICHARD F. CORNWALL,  
British Royal Marines

Netherlands' Annapolis at den Helder.

Van Adward was in Java when the Japs moved in. But he got away and he was sent to London on a mission. Since then he has served as A.D.C. for The Commandant, Colonel de Bruyne.

Many Dutch Marines in Britain are detached for duty and training with Combined Operations (the Commandos). Some Dutch Marines are even serving aboard submarines.

Enlisted Dutch Marines wear bill caps and don't dress at all like sailors. Before the war, they were as rigorously-trained as any branch of service in Europe. The enlisted grades are as follows: Marine third class, Marine second class, Marine first class, Corporal, Sergeant, Sergeant Major, and Adjutant ("This is similar to your Marine Gunner," said van Adward.)

**VAN ADWARD** was listing these ratings, when the British Royal Marine officer spoke up: "There's no such title as 'Private' in our service. We simply call them 'Marines' until they are promoted to Lance Corporal, which corresponds to the American Private First Class."

The British Marine was Lieutenant Colonel Richard F. Cornwell. He was a tall, lean, baldish man with a fierce mustache and a voice like Ronald Colman's. He looked like a man in top physical condition. He is commanding officer of a crack Royal Marine battalion which has been training rigor-

ously, between expeditions, for three years.

"British Marines have an active interest in the U. S. Marine Corps," said the Colonel, "and whenever a movie about American Marines appears at our post in Scotland you may be assured that the cinema is crowded with our fellows."

Colonel Cornwell made inquiries about the officers candidate classes at Quantico. Before the outbreak of the current war, the Colonel was an instructor at a Royal Marine officers school.

The British Colonel has served for 23 years in the Royal Marines. For about a third of this time has been spent on warships. His first action in this war was in the ill-fated Naval expedition against Dakar in Africa. He is an expert on machine guns. Early in his career he



**KAPITEIN DER MARINIERS E. J. LEWE VAN ADWARD,**  
Netherlands Royal Marines



**KAPITEIN DER MARINIERS LEENDERT LANGEVELD,**  
Netherlands Royal Marines

was "seconded" (sent on detached duty) to the British Army as a machine gun instructor. Cornwell said there was nothing to the reports of jealousy between Commandos and Royal Marines.

"After so much thorough training, the Royal Marines are ready for some really

hard assignments in the way of making landings," said Colonel Cornwell.

Major Athol E. Sluce of the New Zealand Infantry looked up from his copy of *Time* and said: "American Marines have made quite a good name for themselves during their visits to New Zealand." The Major has come in contact with a lot of American Marines recently.

**T**HE officers began leaving the library, for a class was to start in a few minutes.

"Teacher wouldn't like it if we were tardy," said Colonel Cornwell, with a laugh, as he tapped the Royal Engineer on the shoulder. The Royal Engineer, rather reluctantly, put the book about Morgan, the Confederate Raider, on one of the shelves and followed the others to class.

There was still a summery hum over Quantico and the heat waves were still bouncing off the glittering surface of the Potomac. But a wind was coming in off the river, blowing among the model war planes and the toy navies.

THE END



Green Dragons, or LST's, approach Rendova Island to prepare base in the Central Solomons.

# Battle for RENDOVA

The capture of Rendova Island was another brilliantly executed assault spear-headed by courageous U. S. Marines, and added another stride up the stepping stones of the Pacific in the general Allied plan to drive the Jap out of his stolen empire. As in other actions in the bloody Solomons, the Rendova capture came only after careful planning, followed by the bravery, daring and fighting ability of the greatest outfit in the world—the Marines.



A wounded Marine receives blood plasma at an emergency base on the front line at Rendova.



Soon to lob shells at neighboring Munda Point, a big gun rolls over a ramp on the tiny island.



1st Lt. W. A. Buckingham, Pfc. E. O'Brien, Corp. P. V. Duhamel, Pfc. N. Hancock bagged a Nip.



Here is a temporary first aid station where men received treatment for wounds following battle.



# So you're going to the TROPICS

By Hal Bergman



So you're going to the tropics, Mac? You have your helmet on your noggin, your pack on your back and your trusty rifle by your side. Sort of a big game hunting expedition, as it were. You have read about the "enchantment of the tropic isles" and you have seen Dotty Lamour in a sarong and you can hardly wait. Or, you have heard some professional "traveller and lecturer" enhance his own heroism by describing in gory detail the "constant dangers" facing the foolhardy soul who ventures into the terrible tropics and you are, to tell the truth, a bit worried about it.

Well, rest easy. The chances are that both your hopes and your fears are slightly exaggerated, like the humps in Lana Turner's sweater. As for the "dangers of the tropics," did you ever get lost in the Rocky Mountains? Or brave the hordes of black flies and mosquitoes on the Long Trail in August?

If you've been a city slicker or a drug-store cowboy all your life the chances are you'll find the tropics somewhat rugged, but then you'd probably find a dude ranch rugged, too. On the other hand if you've been a good Boy Scout and have done plenty of boondocking in your day, you'll no doubt get by. It is important for your health and general well-being, however, that you know a few facts about local conditions in the Oceanic Islands to which you are bound. Here, for your information, is some good dope on that subject prepared for the Ethnogeographic Board, at the request of the Navy Department, by M. W. Stirling, Chief of the Bureau of American Ethnology, and edited by Dr. Frank H. H. Roberts, Jr., of the Smithsonian Institute, a couple of lads who know what they're talking about.

**DANGEROUS WILD ANIMALS** — Maybe Frank Buck does bring 'em back

alive, but you're more interested in bringing yourself back alive. So stop worrying about wild animals. You have probably seen more "dangerous wild animals" at the zoo and when the circus came to town, than you will in the jungle. Untamed animals are shy creatures and they'll see and hear you before you do them. When they do get a good look at you, nine times out of ten they'll high-tail it out of there in a hurry and can you blame them? And that goes for lions and tigers and all big animals as well as small. That tenth time, when the beast does not turn and run, will be when it's cornered, when it's suddenly startled at close quarters, when it's a female with young, or when it's an old gaffer unable to obtain its normal food. It's true there are lions and leopards in Africa, but you'll probably have to go to a game preserve to see them. The South Pacific has no carnivorous, or meat-eating animals. They're all vegetarians. Sumatra, Bali, Borneo and Southeastern Asia have tigers but you can consider yourself lucky if you see one and then it will probably be a view of his southern exposure rapidly heading north.

**SNAKES IN THE GRASS** — Yes, there are snakes in the jungle but you may discover more of them in your platoon than you will in the grass. Ever since Mother Eve snatched on him, the reptile has had little affection for the human species and always tries to get out of man's way. Although there are more harmless snakes than there are poisonous ones, the safest procedure is to regard all of them as venomous and treat any bite accordingly. The chances of your getting bitten by a Pacific island snake are no greater than your chances of getting bitten by a Texas or Florida snake in those states; not very great.

New Guinea and the large neighboring islands have poisonous reptiles which are relatives of the Indian cobra. Their venom affects the nervous system in contrast to the North American poisonous snakes whose venom affects the blood stream. If you should happen to step on one of these snakes it will probably bite you. But your chances of stepping on one of them should bring about the same odds as your chances of being struck by lightning. The Solomon Islands have many snakes, both poisonous and non-poisonous, and the same is true of Australia. There are none in New Zealand and the Polynesian Islands and only harmless varieties in the Galapagos Islands. The general rule everywhere is: use ordinary caution, being especially watchful when clearing ground for campsite or trail.

**CROCODILES** — The crocodile's punch is worse than his bite. He can punch with his tail and land a hay-maker powerful enough to knock a man unconscious or break his leg, but he probably couldn't bite a plug of tobacco in two. He doesn't bite because he swallows his food whole and he won't try to swallow you unless you're a midget and if you're a midget you ain't a Gyrene, so scram. Shortstuff! To swallow even a smallish man, a crocodile would have to be at least fifteen or sixteen feet long and not many of them come than size. And don't worry about his teeth for his bite is weak. Just remember this bitty ditty:

*The teeth of the crocodile  
Are only good for to crack a smile.*

**CANNIBALS AND HEADHUNTERS** — If you've ever wondered what a beef-critter thinks about while it's being consumed for dinner, the chances of your finding out are pretty slim. It may be true there are still some canni-

balism and head-hunting practiced in parts of New Guinea and the Solomon Islands. If so, it is being done at the expense of traditional tribal enemies and not of comparative strangers to the place like yourself. For the most part you will get along with the native if you treat him with the same respect you give to your neighbor back home. Many stories have come back from the



Pacific of the friendliness and helpfulness of the natives. But friends can be turned into enemies if badly or unjustly treated or if undue liberties are taken with their property or their women without regard to local custom. If you must take liberties, it is suggested you do so as the local customers.

**INSECTS 'N "SECH"** — Gyrenes from Jersey have nothing to fear from tropical mosquitoes. It's true they grow them in the Jungle but they can't compare, in size or quantity, to the New Jersey variety. In some cases mosquitoes are carriers of malaria and therefore their bite should be guarded against by covering the body or getting under netting whenever possible in the evening and at night. Wasps and bees may be abundant in some places but they seldom attack unless their nests are interfered with. If you are bitten by an insect, mud packs offer some relief from the itching.

In some areas tiny bees called sweat-bees may collect on exposed parts of the body by the hundreds during dry weather, especially if you sweat much. They are stingless but annoying. The only way to get rid of them is to scrape them off with your hand. In some places it is butterflies which will collect on exposed parts of your body to gather moisture during dry weather. These are also harmless. Some centipedes and scorpions can inflict painful, if not deadly, stings. They like warm, dark places, so stay out of such joints as much as possible. It is advisable to shake out your blanket before turning in at night and to examine your clothes and shoes before putting them on. Spi-

der bites may be painful but are rarely serious. It should be remembered that ants are a possible source of danger to injured men lying on the ground and unable to move. You may be familiar with leeches of the Broadway or Hollywood variety, but jungle leeches are not poisonous. However, their bite may become infected if not cared for properly and may lead to tropical ulcers or "jungle-sores."

**DISEASES**—Malaria and dysentery are the twin ailments of the tropics. Today malaria is not as terrifying an affliction as it once seemed. Although its attacks of "chills and fever" are decidedly uncomfortable, modern medicines and methods of treatment have taken malaria out of the "critical" class. Dysentery, which will send you flying headlong to the head at the oddest moments, results from drinking pol-



luted water. Pollution is the result of human habitation and has nothing to do with the clearness or muddiness of the water. Water from all "lived on" small streams or native wells should be avoided. The muddy water of large rivers usually can be used with safety but the safest method is to boil all drinking water at least twenty minutes.

**POISONOUS PLANTS AND TREES**—Have you heard wild tales of the man-eating Madagascar tree and other such deadly plants? Well, you've heard of Frankenstein and Superman, too. When it comes to man-eating trees, there just ain't no such animal! About all you've got to worry about from the flora of the jungle are nettles and the sap of the Ringa tree which affects some people the same way as poison oak does. However, poison oak and poison ivy are much commoner in these United States than Ringa poisoning is in the tropics.

**THE WEATHER**—There is plenty of weather in the tropics and it makes

as good a bat-the-breeze topic there as anywhere. In spite of what you've heard, you probably won't find it as hot as you expect. It seldom gets any hotter in the tropics than it does on the Parris Island or Dago parade grounds in July. The only difference is, it stays that way longer oftener. As a matter of fact, you may suffer more from cold than you do from heat. Chilly days and nights are far from uncommon. At high altitudes the nights may be so cold you'll wish you had brought along those red flannels you left in the attic back home. The contrast between hot days and cold nights will be more marked in the desert than in the forested areas.

You will probably run into more rain than you ever have before in your life. However, you will soon discover that tropical downpours usually are followed by clear skies and in most localities the rains conform to a fairly predictable time table. You may be dry one minute, drenched the next, and all dried out again a few minutes later. Except in a few areas where the fall may be continuous during the rainy season, there are not many days when the sun does not shine part of the time. So, in spite of a plentitude of rain, you can look forward to a fetching Tarzan-tan by the



time you head back Stateside.

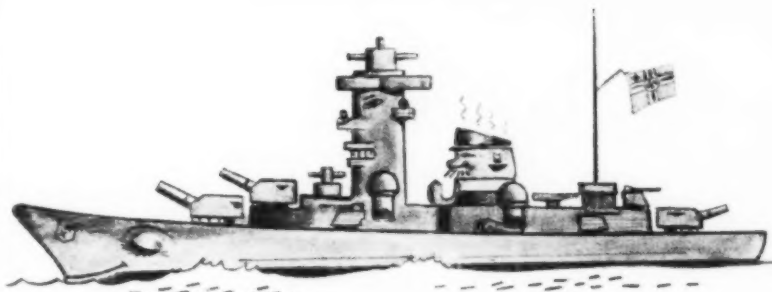
Well, that's the straight dope on the tropics. It may not sound as romantic as you pictured it, but neither is it as "terrifying" as you may have been led to believe. In conclusion, it can be definitely stated that the most annoying things you'll run into in the tropics are the Nippos. And you know how to handle that problem.

*The material on which this article is based was prepared for the Ethnographic Board, at the request of the Navy Department, by M. W. Stirling, chief of the Bureau of American Ethnology, Smithsonian Institution, and edited by Dr. Frank H. H. Roberts, archaeologist of the Bureau of American Ethnology.*

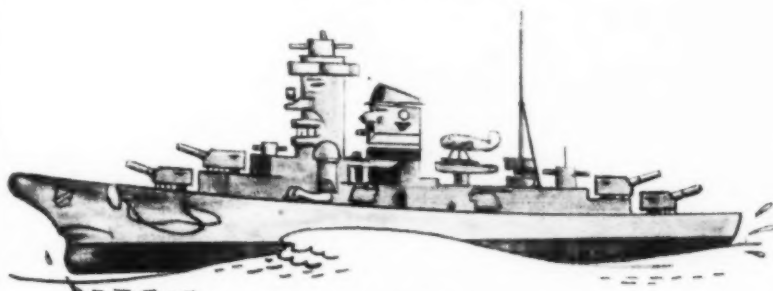
THE END

THE LEATHERNECK

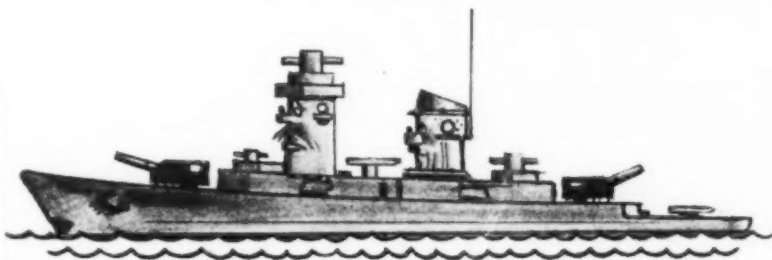
# LESSON IN RHYME



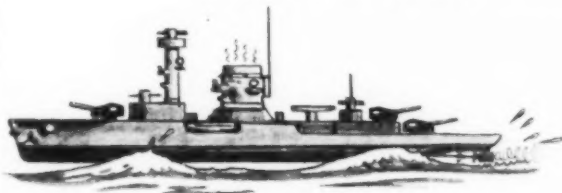
Tower-mast, single stack,  
Mast on funnel or in back  
Load der guns and let her rip!  
Dot's a Jerry BATTLESHIP!!!



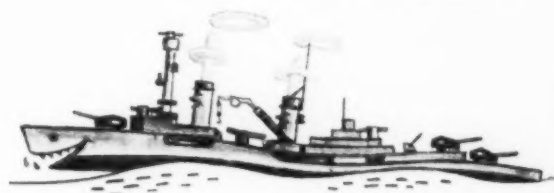
Ist dot nicht ein battleship?  
Nein, dot ain't no battleship.  
Stack near foremast, easy seen  
Dot's der HIPPER or EUGENE!



Ist dot nicht ein stein of beer?  
Hell, dot ain't no stein of beer.  
Turret forward, one in rear  
LUTZOW or der ADMIRAL SHEER!

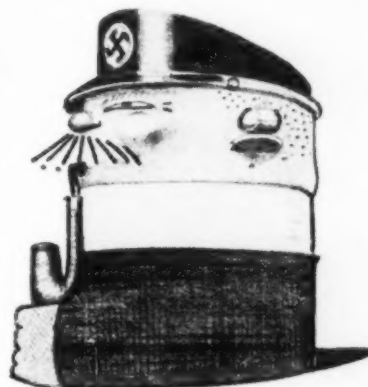


Ist dot nicht ein KREUZER craft?  
Sure, dot ist ein KREUZER craft.  
Turret forward, and two aft  
NURNBERG—LEIPZIG KREUZER  
craft.



Ist dot nicht ein funny schmell?  
Yah, dast ist ein funny smell.  
Schpindle mast, two stacks as well  
Must be Jerry's old CL.

These cartoons and jingles were prepared by the Bureau of Ships, Navy Department, for reproduction in an ONI restricted publication relating to the identification and characteristics of German ships. THE LEATHERNECK conferred with the Navy Department Public Relations and the Office of Naval Intelligence and obtained permission to reprint them for the readers of THE LEATHERNECK.



Ist dot nicht ein single-stack?  
Ja, dot ist ein single-stack  
(High in front, low in back)  
Dot's a Jerry SINGLE-STACK!



Ist dot nicht ein tower-mast?  
Ja, dot ist ein tower-mast  
(Short und squat. Learning fast!)  
Dot's a Jerry TOWER-MAST!!





# AT EASE

## "IT AIN'T EVEN TERRIFIC!"

OUT in Hollywood there are several places where movie celebrities gather which are not generally patronized by the tourist trade. For one thing, they are too expensive and are for eating purposes only; eating and affording a place for the famous to chat with each other without having to submit to the prying gaze of the unduly curious.

One of these establishments, famous to the elite of film-flam-land, is Dave Chasen's restaurant out on Beverly Boulevard. It is a favorite place, particularly for producers, directors and writers, none of whom mind paying a \$50 dinner check.

Just to give you an idea how some of your motion pictures are conceived and sent into production, we take you now to Chasen's. The night is any night, the hour is along about half-past the last course. Cocktails are being resumed as Moe Goldfarb, the producer, turns to his \$2,000-a-week writer.

"I tell you," says Moe, "we gotta do something yet about the finish. Confidentially, I don't think it's even terrific. It practically stinks."

The writer yawns, agrees, and takes another drink as the radio comes on for the 11 o'clock newscast.

"General MacArthur has sunk six more Jap ships and has captured . . ."

"How can MacArthur sink anything? He's in the army," the writer demands.

Moe, tossing off a fast one, ignores the query and shouts, "I got it . . ."

"Got what?" asks the writer, wondering if it is the same thing he's been suspecting.

"I got it for a smash ending. We gotta have a real punch," Moe speaks rapidly. "We'll fade from the dame. She's sad. Her heart is bleeding. . ."

"She isn't bleeding anywhere. She's just drunk. . ."

"Then we'll have a squad of big fightin' Marines come marching into the camera. Squad hell, we'll have a whole regiment. No, we'll have a whole dam' army of Marines. Yessir, an army yet. All of 'em will be marching along carryin' guns and bayonets and flags. . ."

(Turn to page 57)

## MISS LANA TURNER

*This vivacious young star is one of the sparklers in the M-G-M collection of rare feminine items. She loves to swim, ride, dance—and wow! can she cook!*



A-workin' for Fred Waring are these charmers of the airlines. Looking across from face to face, we see Donna Dae, Daisy Bernice, Ruth Cottingham and Jane Wilson. No wonder folks are always a-wearyin' for Waring.



Top-trootling trombone tooter is Tommy Dorsey of the dulcet tones. He's a mean man with a mike.



We hope this Langford singer goes wherever Hope goes, because where there is Hope, there is life, and a better one with Frances there.



This gal is Dinah Shore, and that is all we need say — nothing more.



Georgia Carroll left the magazine covers to sing for Kay Kyser. They say the particular brand of caroling by Carroll is without parallel.

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*Kellogg's Cereals in family-size packages may be obtained under Contract Bulletin No. 105, dated August 3, 1943.*

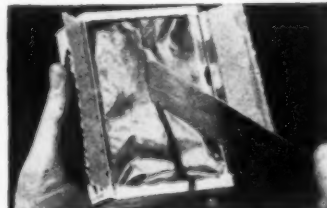
4 DELICIOUS

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- ★ Rice Krispies
- ★ Pep Whole Wheat Flakes
- ★ Kellogg's 40% Bran Flakes



1. Run thumb nail along perforated line. Crease and turn back flaps.



2. Cut inner wax paper bag down center and along top and bottom.



3. Fold bag edges back.



4. Pour on milk, and eat from Pac.

# WE-the Marines

The next eight pages are devoted to tales about Marines by Marines.

## GUNNERY SERGEANT MILLER

**G**UNNERY Sergeant George M. Miller is a charter member of those famous bush-fighters, Colonel Merritt A. Edson's Marine Raiders. He recovered, recently, from wounds received in the Guadalcanal campaign. He's still in the states, but he's trying to get transferred back to the Raiders. Gunnery Sergeant Miller rates Colonel Edson and another Raider chief, Lt. Col. Evans F. Carlson, as two of the toughest and most capable field commanders in the world. Miller is a native of Wisonisco, Pa. The husky youth worked in a steel mill until he enlisted in the Marine Corps in the Fall of 1940. After Parris Island "finishing school," George went to Guantanamo Bay with the Fifth Marines. Later that year he joined Edson's rugged organization. The Raiders shoved off for the South Pacific early in 1942. Miller's outfit landed on Tulagi in the Solomons on August 7. After the conquest of this island, the Raiders moved over to Guadalcanal. Miller fought through the "Battle of Bloody Ridge" without being injured. A couple of weeks later, he sustained a severe head concussion and ear injury when an aerial bomb landed near him. He was evacuated on September 28, later sent to Mare Island's hospital in San Francisco. Since being discharged from the hospital, Miller has served with the First Guard Company at Quantico.



## PLATOON SERGEANT DOMINGUE

**P**LATOON Sergeant Ray P. Domingue was a renowned drillmaster in the Marine Corps before the war. He was in a prize-winning drill team at the New York World's Fair. After the war started, he turned to the more serious business of being a Paramarine. He is a native of Lafayette, La., the section that produced so many "Fighting Frenchmen" in the Civil War. He joined the Marine Corps in May, 1937. From Parris Island he went to Quantico to join the Fifth Marines. After this, he served at posts of the Corps all over the country. He went to parachute school at Lakehurst, N. J., and became a member of the First Parachute Battalion. He is a machine gun specialist. His outfit left New River, N. C., for the South Pacific in the Spring of 1942. They landed on Gavutu Island in the Solomons on August 7. Thereafter, he served with other Paramarines in the rugged campaign on Tulagi Island. He sustained leg wounds and fractures when struck by shrapnel on Guadalcanal and was evacuated from the Solomons in October. Now, he's back on his feet and he hopes to rejoin the Paramarines.





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## Jap Hunting—With a Camera

By Gordon A. Crowden\*

THE eyes of the air forces on Guadalcanal are the Marine photographic planes which daily make reconnaissance flights over enemy territory.

Using PB-4Y Liberators, Marine crews have converted them to huge flying photo laboratories. The huge cavernous bomb bays designed to nest gigantic missiles now house batteries of aerial cameras and developing rooms.

When the bomb bay doors open over enemy territory the cameras go into action. The results will prove as deadly as though they had dropped mammoth bombs.

On these planes and their crews depend the conduct of the war, in the air, on land and sea. Photographs record minute details that can not be discerned by the human eye. They also give intelligence officers time to make their studies, and by comparing pictures of previous flights, enemy movements may be learned.

These missions for daily reports are rather routine but when made immediately in advance of a strike, a feeling of added importance is injected into the mission. At no time, though, are they simple or dull.

The winged lab is escorted by a flight of Grumman fighters or Corsairs, with Marine pilots at the controls. There is hardly a flight made but what enemy anti-aircraft fire reminds them that the Japs are below.

Technical Sergeant William G. Brunk, USMC, of San Diego, California, a public relations photographer with our unit, made the flight to obtain pictures of actual operations. On this occasion the plane was blasted by ack-ack and tossed about.

\*Marine Gunner, and Marine Public Relations Officer "Somewhere-in-the-South-Pacific."

It was not possible for me to make the trip the same day as there was insufficient oxygen outlets.

I made the hop the following day in advance of a strike on Munda airfield on New Georgia. We took off in the early morning, with a fighter escort circling above us, and headed north.

The trip was uneventful and we saw nothing of real interest until we reached our objective. At approximately 15,000 feet the pilot had us prepare to don our masks. Previously we had zipped on leather sheep-lined pants, pushed our feet into flying boots of the same material, and pulled on flight jackets.

At 20,000 feet we put on the masks. It was cold, a real pleasure for me as I thought of Lake Superior temperatures and the tropical heat below. Earphones warmed the ears and the masks kept the face warm. The latter do not make intercommunication more intelligible and the garbled sounds that come over the phones are strange to the novice. Condensation gathers in the masks and frequently they have to be emptied or pulled off briefly to dry your nose.

Before the flight, the area to be mapped had been laid out by intelligence officers in view of an offensive on our part. Often a flight is made to learn possible enemy preparation for an offensive or new defense installations.

Flight lines had been established to give complete coverage, and were mapped on a chart. This the navigator had on his table and it was his job to keep the pilot on the course. The latter follows the course and maintains the altitude predetermined for the desired photographic scale.

Anti-aircraft bursts from Jap guns now started to break below us and the tail of the ship jumped up and down. The bomb bay doors opened and the film rolled through the cameras as we passed directly over one side of the air-



port. Above us a few thousand feet our escort serenely cruised along, watching above us for attackers and below in the event the Japs would attempt to get any planes off the field to engage us.

We turned and came back over the field, right in the groove down the center of the runway. Ack-ack still broke in black puffs above, below, and to our sides. The pilot held the plane steady and true. Soon we were off the target, circling and back down the other side of the field for the third shot, and then home.

We slid down to less than 10,000 feet now and the chemicals were poured from their vacuum bottles into tanks and the films were processed. At altitudes any higher the solutions would freeze.

Put through the developer, the film is immersed in a quick-fix of very strong hypo and as soon as cleared handed out to the photographic interpreter. Marine Gunner H. C. "Bill" Lowmsberry, of Chicago, Illinois. Interpreting from the wet negative, he informs the intelligence office on the ground, via radio, what is revealed. These findings are plotted on a blank target map and in turn radioed to bomber and fighter planes already in the air.

Information obtained from the pictures may make immediate changes in the target. New gun emplacements may have been installed, fuel dumps moved, or more ammunition brought in. The results of the photographic mission may be the deciding factor as to whether the attack is a complete success and to these planes and crews, little heard of by the public, a great deal of credit is due.

These labs are not always given such fighter protection and so are as well armed as the regular Liberator. Photo reconnaissance flights may stretch as far as 1,200 miles to perhaps 1,600 miles over water to an objective and at such times they are entirely on their own.

THE END



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## CITATIONS

### Medal of Honor:

Lt-Col. Harold W. Bauer, Coronado, California.

### Navy Cross:

1st Lt. Robert M. LaPrade, Gregory, Tex.; Sgt. Silvio Sanguedolce, Cleveland, Ohio; Pfc. Raymond Frybarger, Jr., Sandusky, Ohio; Pvt. George E. Conklin, Hawley, Pa.; Pvt. John W. Mielke, Feyndale, Mich.; Pvt. Jesse Rutherford, Jr., Chanute, Kans.; Pvt. Nicholas A. Wilox, Hemstead, N. Y.

### Legion of Merit:

Brig-Gen. Pedro A. DelValle, Alexandria, Va.; Col. Claude A. Larkin, Portland, Ore.; Col. Lawson H. M. Sanderson, Coronado, Calif.; Col. William J. Wallace, La Jolla, Calif.; Lt-Col. Walter L. J. Bayler, Lebanon, Pa.; Lt-Col. John N. Hart, Coronado, Calif.; Lt-Col. Samuel S. Jack, No. Hollywood, Calif.; Lt-Col. Paul Moret, Coronado, Calif.; Lt-Col. Raymond C. Scollin, Cherry Point, N. C.; Lt-Col. Merrill B. Twining, Morehead City, N. C.; Capt. James N. M. Davis, San Diego, Calif.; Capt. Merwyn C. Plumley, Nashville, Mich.; 2nd Lt. Walter R. Giles (no address).

### Silver Star:

Maj. Justice M. Chamber, New River, N. C.; Maj. James S. O'Halloran, Ardmore, Pa.; Capt. William Lyett Hawkins, Bridgeport, Conn.; 1st Lt. Robert W. Burnette, Los Angeles, Calif.; Capt. Evans C. Carlson, San Francisco, Calif.; 1st Lt. Cleland E. Early, Tinnett, Tex.; GySgt. Clayton W. Hutton, Tacoma, Wash.; Sgt. Lawrence H. Flynn, Brockton, Mass.; Corp. Robert J. Chenoweth, Newark, N. J.; Corp. John J. Leary, Burke, Idaho; Pfc. Buddington W. Crandall, Montevideo, Minn.; Pfc. Lewis E. Johnson (no address); Alexander R. Marotta, Somerville, Mass.

### Distinguished Flying Cross:

Maj. Louis B. Robertshaw, San Diego, Calif.; Capt. George E. Dooley, Hopeland, Calif.; 1st Lt. Douglas A. Bangert, Tarrytown, N. Y.; 1st Lt. William T. Campbell, Ridgewood, N. J.; 1st Lt. William C. Hayter, Long Beach, Calif.; 1st Lt. Robert M. Patterson, Paola, Kans.; 2nd Lt. Frank L. Christen, Austin, Tex.; 2nd Lt. John S. Henderson, San Diego, Calif.; 2nd Lt. John O. Hull, Vallejo, Calif.; 2nd Lt. Bernard McShane, Chicago, Ill.; 2nd Lt. William P. Parrish, Umatilla, Fla.; 2nd Lt. Martin B. Roush, Washington, D. C.; 2nd Lt. John E. Shepard, Merced, Calif.

### Navy and Marine Corps Medal:

Pvt. Carl N. Cichetti, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa.

### Air Medal:

TSgt. John L. Dewey, Otisville, N. Y.

### Military Medal of Merit (Mexico)

Lt-Col. Earl S. Piper, Mexico, D. F.

THE END



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XS164—Delicately placed and engraved in two-tone floral design. Really beautiful! Complete with chain.



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XS166 — Genuine Diamond set photo Locket of 10K Gold. Engraved and fine line design. Complete with chain. **\$19.75**

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**MARCASITE SET**  
XS171—Photo Locket of Sterling Silver. Mother of Pearl front with border sparkling Marcasite. Complete with chain. **\$8.75**

**2 Diamond Birthstone Ring**  
XS199 — 10K Yellow Gold, prettily designed with 2 real Diamonds at sides and simulated Birthstones center. Be sure to state month desired). **\$15.95**

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## FOR BRAVERY IN ACTION . . . .

**PLATOON** Sergeant George E. Aho, 30, of Portland, Oregon, who was in charge of a platoon of Marines on Guadalcanal, recently received the Silver Star medal for his courage and leadership in action. The medal was presented by Admiral William F. Halsey, United States Navy, commander-in-chief of the South Pacific.

The citation, presented to Platoon Sergeant Aho in the name of the President, follows:

"For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity in action against the enemy near the Matanikau River, Guadalcanal, Solomon Islands, on November 3, 1942. Platoon Sergeant Aho's platoon leader being seriously wounded and removed from the field of battle, Aho took charge of the platoon and through his display of courage and leadership kept the platoon in the thick of action.

"Several men of his command were killed or wounded, but Aho's personal coolness and bravery kept the remaining men in a high state of morale though they were still under heavy ma-



chine gun and mortar fire until they were able to close with the enemy in hand to hand combat."

Said Sergeant Aho: "We counted 250 Jap dead, including 24 officers, after that assault, but I wouldn't have traded the whole lot of them for any one of the seven men we lost in our platoon.

"It was the third day of our offensive when this action took place. We had them trapped, right up against the water, but they wouldn't give up. When we ran out of ammunition for our machine guns, we used rifles or hand grenades or pistols and in some instances even bayonets until we finished off the last one.

"The Japs kept singing, or should I say screeching, hymns, always winding up with their national song 'Kibi Gaiyo.' It started off as a sort of cheer and war cry meant to instill fear in the Marines, and wound up with them screaming in fear and inspiring the Marines forward.

"I learned a little Japanese while I was doing duty in China, and would yell to them 'Yama Yama'—'give up.' They would stop singing and firing for a few minutes as if they were about to surrender but then they would start all over again. I guess the Jap officers wouldn't let them surrender.

"The hardest part of the whole operation was after it was all over, when I had to bury my own boys. They gave their lives for America just like some of our boys would give another one a cigarette when he needed it."

THE END



Brig. Gen. R. L. Denig

## They Give the Word

**U**NBIASED critics in civilian ranks have repeatedly said that the Marine Corps has the best Public Relations Department of any branch of the armed services. Here are some of the key men, headed by Brig. General Robert L. Denig, USMC, who are responsible for the outstanding success of the department. In peace time, the office was under-staffed but effective enough for the period. When war broke, it was necessary to expand, and expand swiftly. This was done in typical efficient Marine Corps fashion. General Denig and his aides did not wait to see what someone else might do. They set up their own organization, including the now-famous Combat Correspondent system, and soon blanketed the world with tidings and reports about the men of the Marine Corps. The results have been tremendously successful and of immense value, not only to the nation's press and radio, but to the Marine Corps itself. The division has been a constant public servant for the country at large, and a morale booster for all Leathernecks. It has also been a source of great assistance to *THE LEATHERNECK*.



Capt. David E. Nopper



Lt. Col. G. T. Van der Hoef



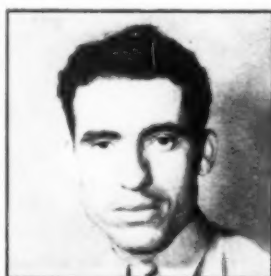
1st Lt. E. C. Thomas



Capt. James W. Lemen



Sgt. Paul White



TSgt. J. P. Boxell



2nd Lt. L. M. Olszyk

THE LEATHERNECK





## HAPPY IS THIS ANNIVERSARY

**S**EVEN Marines and one Navy Hospital Corpsman who landed with the first waves on the beaches at Guadalcanal on August 7, 1942, celebrated the first anniversary of that landing at the Charleston Navy Yard, Charleston, S. C., where they are now stationed. Gathering at the Marine PX, they swapped battle stories and recalled their experiences in combat. Members of the Women's Reserve, who can serve

only in this country, listened attentively.

An official U. S. Navy photo taken on that occasion shows, seated, left to right, Pfc. James M. Sane, Rutherfordton, N. C.; Corp. E. H. Jenkins, Jr., Alcolu, S. C.; Pvt. Margaret Jackson, Oakland, Calif.; Pharmacists Mate Charles R. Smith, Wooster, Ohio, and Corp. Jasper L. Lucas, Nichols, S. C. Standing, Corp. Claud J. McCarthy, Batesburg, S. C.; Pfc. William P. Wright, Petersburg, Va.; Pfc. James C. Brown, Anderson, S. C., and Pfc. C. M. Shokes, Charleston, S. C.

## A BIG KISS FOR THE SERGEANT



**F**OR the second time in two months the sergeant kissed the lieutenant in front of the general, the colonel, and all the troops.

The sergeant is Staff Sergeant James W. Kaufman, USMC, 21, of Boswell, Pennsylvania, who received his second

Silver Star Medal for conspicuous gallantry in repairing vital communication lines in action against the Japanese on Guadalcanal.

The lieutenant is Second Lieutenant Mary E. Kaufman, U. S. Army Nurses Corps, who is stationed at a base hospital in the South Pacific. By special invitation of the Commanding Officer, Miss Kaufman again pinned on her brother's medal at a ceremonial parade.

"But I still haven't learned to pin a medal on straight," she said after the ceremony.

Staff Sergeant Kaufman's second citation, signed by Admiral William F. Halsey on behalf of the President, commended him, "For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity. On October 24, 1942, Sergeant James W. Kaufman was serving with a Marine Company during a heavy attack against the Lunga area on Guadalcanal Island by a large enemy force. Upon learning that telephone lines had broken down, he, without orders, voluntarily, and under enemy fire, repaired the wire breaks. As a result of his intelligent action a serious crippling of the communication system was averted at a critical time during the enemy attack. By his disregard of his own personal safety, his display

of courage and initiative under enemy fire, he distinguished himself in the line of his profession."

The Marine hero, son of John M. Kaufman, a farmer of Route No. 2, Boswell, enlisted August, 1940, after graduating from Boswell High School, where he won his letter in wrestling.

Brother and sister were reunited after more than a year's separation when Staff Sergeant Kaufman landed here from Guadalcanal to find his sister on duty at the base hospital.

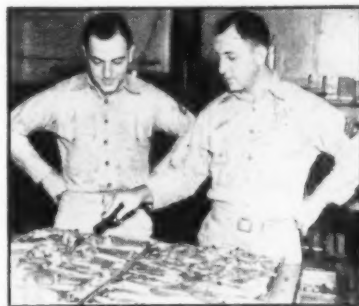
THE END

## TWIN CHOW DISHER-UPPERS

**T**WIN brothers, who have met only three times in seven years of service in the Marine Corps, are mess sergeants in the South Pacific area.

What is more, Marines who eat their food, say they are the best chow-disher-uppers in the whole South Pacific.

They are Staff Sergeants Lester J. and Lawrence F. Sturgeon, 28-year-old sons of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Sturgeon, of Hollywood, California. Lester's wife



lives at Escondido, California, while Lawrence, a bachelor, maintains his home on the family ranch near Eldorado, Kansas.

The brothers worked on their father's farm until they completed high school and then enlisted in the Marines when they were 21. Neither did any cooking prior to joining up—Lawrence swears he couldn't even fry an egg. Lester says that he was on mess duty once (as is every Marine sometime during his career) when someone said: "Sturgeon, you're the mess sergeant here." And that has been his job ever since.

THE END

## A BOY AND A BEAT-UP BUGLE

**I**T is a badly battered bugle, but Field Music Corporal Roy F. W. Rieck, USMC, 22, Indianapolis, intends to keep it after the war is won.

Three minutes before 8 A.M. on December 7, 1941, Corporal Rieck was crossing the parade ground of the Marine Barracks at Pearl Harbor to report for his daily tour of duty, when suddenly death rained from the skies as

## SWEET DREAMS, MARINES!



**YASSUH! WHEN YOU GETS  
MY TEMPTILATIN' AUNT JEMIMA  
PANKAKES AT YO' MAMMY'S  
TABLE OR AT MESS—YO' ENJOYS  
PLEASURABLE FEASTIN' THAT'S  
WORTH DREAMIN' ABOUT!**



**FILTER in**  
**ROYAL DEMUTH**  
*makes pipe function superbly*  
**ULTRA FINE IMPORTED BRIAR**

**FILTERS FOR**  
**ROYAL DEMUTH**  
**PIPES**

**\$350**



**Write for chart picturing 18 beautiful  
all-smooth models, telling benefits of  
MARVELOUS PATENTED FILTER.**

**Also same styles, all-etched, with  
engraved PATRIOTIC EMBLEMS—  
Eagle or "V"—specially designed for  
men in service as well as civilians.**

Wm. Demuth & Co., Inc., N. Y. 3



See The Bookshop ad on Page 71

Jap bombers flew in and strafed the parade ground.

Corporal Rieck, without waiting for orders from his superiors, sounded "call-to-arms" throughout the aroused station, and minutes later, after directing the men to the ammunition shed,



he dropped his bugle and grabbed a Browning automatic rifle.

At 3 o'clock on that memorable afternoon, Lieutenant Colonel B. A. Bone, USMC, requested the services of a bugler to sound "taps" as soon as graves could be prepared for those who died.

Corporal Rieck found his bugle, but it was battered flat. Trucks and men had ploughed over it. He carried it to the machine shop, repair it as best he could on a blacksmith's anvil, and that afternoon, a firing squad consisting of eight Marines went out to Nuana Cemetery located close to famous Diamond Head. Unable to hold services that day, the men spent the rest of the afternoon and night hauling caskets.

On December 8, 1941, the first dead were buried.

Ten times that day Corporal Rieck sounded "Taps." Each time, tears welled in the eyes of the squad as hard boiled Leathernecks covered their dead, and vowed vengeance on the Japs for the sneak attack.

THE END



THE LEATHERNECK

## SHORT SHORTS ON MARINES

**S**TAFF Sergeant Lou Yet Ming, 28, Mississippi-born Chinese, is a big help at Camp Elliott. He spent his early youth in Canton, China, and learned to speak not only Chinese but some Japanese. Now he's instructing Marines on the languages. . . . Gyrenes at one base have become tea drinkers, reports Red Cross Representative Thomas Stowe of Miami Beach, Fla. Girls had a lot to do with it. They attended functions at his station, tea was served, and the Leathernecks got to like it—while visiting the fair ones. . . . Private Robert Martin, Cleveland, O., has been to Berlin. Now he wants to go to Tokyo. He studied in Germany in 1937, and confidentially, he's on his way to Japan now. It may take a little time, but not too much.

Retired from active flying by age, Lieut. Colonel Francis E. Pierce, stationed at Camp Kearny Mesa, Calif., gets his share of excitement today watching the careers of his two flying sons, Captain Francis E. Pierce, Jr., USMC, a fighter pilot with a colorful record over the Solomons, and Second Lieutenant Homer Richard Pierce, an army bombardier now on foreign duty. . . . It looks as if the Richmond, Va., *News Leader* joined the Marine Corps. Three ex-employees, former Sports Editor—Sergeant Ben Wahrman, and Privates Frank Durnett and Floyd Jackson, negro, circulation workers, are now in the South Pacific. . . . Private Roy E. Simpson tells of one Solomon Marine who had a chicken for a mascot at Guadalcanal which produced an egg a day for him. One Gyrene tried to catch a wild cow for a mascot.

Corporal George E. Chamberlin, Miami Beach, Fla., spent seven hours in the water after the *USS Quincy* went down. He spent most of the time singing "Deep in the Heart of Texas," but he couldn't give the usual clap-clap routine. His hands had been lashed to a gasoline drum to keep him from slipping loose. . . . Severely wounded, Pfc. Charles N. Girard, Dearborn, Mich., looked up at a doctor and recognized Lieutenant (jg) Ernest Belanger—who had been the Girard family's physician back home.

Lefthanded monkey-wrenches and board-stretchers are often requested of news arrivals in the South Pacific, says Pfc. Mitchell Kudla, happy-go-lucky Marine from Houston, Tex. Another favorite gag was to tell the newcomers that the giant lizards on Guadal made good eating. One outfit finally caught one and it took an officer to persuade them to lay off. Another lizard escaped, minus a tail and was henceforth known as "Tailless Joe."

THE END



## Still N. G. as an M. P. but O. K. about his smile!

**Tyro or Topkick, gums as well as teeth need continual care—use Ipana and massage for a smile that's a help off post!**

**U**NLESS the Rookie M.P.'s I. Q. goes up P. D. Q., he'll be S. O. L. with the C. O.! But when it comes to dental hygiene, he never gets his signals mixed at all. He knows that gums—as well as teeth—require regular care.

It's like this. Our modern soft foods don't give gums all the exercise they need. Often, gums grow flabby and weak from lack of vigorous work and

chewing. To make up for this, put your gums through a special "Basic Training" course. Give them what lots of dentists call "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Every time you brush your teeth with Ipana—massage a little more Ipana onto your gums. Ipana and massage is the big reason behind a lot of healthy gums and bright, sparkling smiles!

Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste at any drug store or your Post Exchange the first time you have a chance and start right in with Ipana and massage!

Product of Bristol-Myers

# IPANA



## AND MASSAGE

# Spiffy

COLLAR STAY  
"joins the marines"



## Officers say ... NEATNESS COUNTS!

★ Neatness counts in military as well as in civilian life. That's why millions of men in service are also wearing SPIFFY COLLAR STAYS.

## Prevents Collar Curl



SPIFFY COLLAR STAYS give you fresh, crispy, snappy smartness. Peps up your personal appearance.



## EASY ON ... EASY OFF

Quick as a wink to put on and take off. Self-adjusting and stays put.

COSTS BUT A FEW CENTS  
**SPIFFY**  
INVISIBLE COLLAR STAY  
AT YOUR POST EXCHANGE

## SOUND OFF!

(Continued from page 10)

### "Manila John"

Sirs:

In your August issue you printed an article about "Manila John" Basilone and his decoration with the Congressional Medal of Honor. I would like to add my personal congratulations and sentiments.

I became acquainted with Manila John in March of last year and had the privilege of serving with him for a few months in the same company, first in New River and later at a South Sea Base. If there was anyone who deserved the Congressional Medal of Honor Manila John was the man. I am sure I would not be wrong in stating that he is a natural hero. It is fellows like Manila John who make the Marine Corps the honorable organization that it is.

I am now at home with an honorable medical discharge. I served with the First Marine Division in foreign service from 10 April, 1942, to 29 September, 1942, and on expeditions with same from 8 May, 1942, to 29 September, 1942. I only wish I could have served all my time with Basilone.

JAMES ALTON HORNING.

Rfd No. 2,  
Muhnton, Penna.

### Jolly Well Pleased

Sirs:

Thanks so much for the copy of THE LEATHERNECK. I think the article ("His Majesty's Jollies," August 1943) is splendid and feel proud to have been associated with it. I have taken the liberty of sending it—THE LEATHERNECK—to General Tripp in England, asking him to pass it to all Marine Officers and men he can possibly reach.

KENNETH DOWNEY.

Lt. Col., R. N. V. R.

The British Embassy,  
Washington, D. C.

### Stripe Conscious

Sirs:

What has happened to the high standards formerly required for advancement in the Corps?

We are a group of privates at the Marine Aviation Detachment in Jacksonville, Fla. All the "cadets" arriving here from the "resort" at P. I. are sporting PFC. and Corporal's stripes. If you could see the dissention among the fellows when a new draft arrives, you would think vile means were about to be undertaken.

Are the draftees better than we? How do they rate stripes and furloughs? Is it true that "boondocking" has been replaced by picnics?

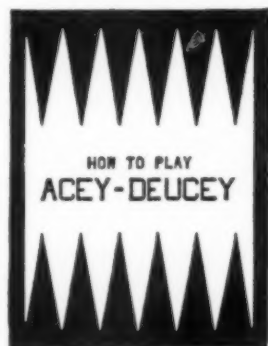
Before Pearl Harbor, what was the average service required to obtain even one of those coveted stripes?

A FEW VOLUNTEERS.

M.A.D., N.A.T.T.C.,  
Jacksonville, Fla.

## Now!

### Become an Expert in the Great Navy Game



Captivating—nothing like it. Soon everybody will be playing Acey-Deucey, the Navy's Game of skill and fun. Don't be a "Boot"—be a champion over night with this book of complete Rules, Charts and Instructions.

## HOW TO PLAY ACEY-DEUCEY

By

Jack Dillon

Order TODAY ahead of the crowd. First book ever published on this exclusive game heretofore always privately taught—the game featured in *Newsweek* and *Life*, and by Secretary of the Navy Knox over a national hook-up. A heavy playing board is bound in each copy. Price Only \$1.00.

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Accurately designed.  
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Heavy weight.

Solid 10K Gold, \$16.50

Sterling Silver, \$7.50



LADY'S RING  
Solid 10K Gold, \$11.00

Satisfaction guaranteed. Prices include postage and federal tax. Specify finger size. Send for service jewelry circular.

HERFF-JONES-CHICAGO, INC.

Manufacturing Jewelers  
DEPT. L-10, 32 W. RANDOLPH ST., CHICAGO



## Distinction for Enlistees

SIRS:

In your "Carry On" column of the August issue of THE LEATHERNECK, Capt. Frank Sauliere, USMCR, wrote in about the idea of a Marine volunteer ribbon for enlisted men.

Prior to the Marine Corps' acceptance of draftees, those in the Corps prided themselves in the fact that "our Corps" was made up absolutely of volunteers. They wanted to give their services to the Corps.

It is the duty of every able-bodied young man (excepting those on essential war jobs) to give his services to his country during a time of war, therefore a medal, in my opinion, would not be in order, but there certainly should be some distinction made on the uniform between those who have volunteered their services and those who sat back (and some still sitting) and waited to be drafted.

1ST SGT. EARL E. FERGUSON.

Navy Building,  
Cleveland, Ohio.

SIRS:

We are a group of NCO's with from three to seven years' time. None of us rank higher than a buck sergeant. We have watched men join this Defense Battalion direct from boot camp with ranks of Pfc, Cpl. and Sgt. and most of them have never even worn a starched shirt.

We have taken great pride in keeping our record books clean and most of us are ex-seagoing Marines who have seen action. Yet, some of us haven't been home for years, while boots get furloughs.

"MEMBERS OF 1ST DEFENSE  
MARINES"

"Somewhere-in-the-South-Pacific"

SIRS:

... Three cheers for the Captain!

PFC. WILLIAM SOLOMONS

34 additional signers

VMF 323, MAG 32, FMF

3rd MAW, Cherry Point, N. C.

• For discussion of "New Boot Camp" and ratings see Carry On in September issue.

## Old Timer

SIRS:

I am interested in the articles LEATHERNECK has been running about some of the old timers. I am an old timer myself, having enlisted in May 1914, served until 1926, and here I am back again for more service in the Corps. I re-enlisted in Feb., 1942 and I have two sons, Alfred, Jr., and George, both now overseas with units of the Corps. I have just been transferred to this fleet post office from duty at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. I also have a daughter serving with the Women's Corps in London. Is there any other World War veteran like myself who is now back in service, together with two sons and a daughter?

SGT. ALFRED A. McCARTY.

Navy 107, FPO,  
New York, N. Y.

THE END

*A young Marine private named Dan*

*Found romance the day he began*

*To groom with Vitalis,*

*Now from Sydney to Dallas*

*He's known as the top pin-up MAN!*



## For neat and handsome hair— Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"!

**P**OETIC license, the above. Honest, Mister, Vitalis isn't as effective as all that. But it does help add a crowning touch of good grooming and leatherneck snap to your appearance. And there aren't many exercises in the corps routine that are easier than Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"!

With a brisk massage, rub Vitalis on your scalp. A "tingle" is the signal when circulation in the scalp wakes up.

And here's another angle on Vitalis—it protects your hair against blazing, baking sun and soaking shower baths.

Next, when you comb your hair—it stays neatly "put". There's a handsome lustre to it—but none of that "patent-leather" shine. Better start with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" right away. Good-looking hair can be no further away than your nearest drug store or the P. X.

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**VITALIS**  
AND THE  
"60-SECOND WORKOUT"



## When Your Eyes Are Tired DO THIS



### WHAT IS MURINE?

Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients—safe, gentle, and oh, so soothing! Just use two drops in each eye. Right away Murine goes to work to relieve the discomfort of tired, burning eyes. Start using Murine today.

**MURINE**  
FOR YOUR EYES  
SOOTHES • REFRESHES



★ Invest in America—Buy War Bonds and Stamps ★

If It's Metal Just Rub With A . . .

**GLAD RAG**

**POLISHING CLOTH**  
for a lasting shine!

No messy oil, grease or dangerous acids! The only SAFE cloth for polishing mess kits!

Only 10¢

To polish our brass and buttons it used to take a lot of time we grab handy GLAD RAG For a quick and easy shine.  
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\$2 paid for every jingle accepted. Send your entry to

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IF YOU NEED IT — WE HAVE IT  
Inspection Kits, Tourist Kits, Shoe Brushes, Shoe Shine Kits, Kaywoodie Pipes, Cameras, WATERPROOF WATCHES, Military Insignia, Jewelry, Rings, Bracelets, Lockets, Waterman Pens, Albums, Films. WRITE US.

OUR SALESMAN WILL CALL ON YOU  
**MORRIS STRUHL, INC.**

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### WHEN YOU MOVE

Be Sure to Send  
The Leatherneck  
Your OLD and NEW address

## GYRENE CYNGLES

### SQUEEZE DIZZY

Have you ever gone out to the range to fire,  
And have to get down in the dirt and the mire?

Do you remember the guy who stood by your side  
And gave you a kick when your shot was wide?

He'd tell you to "squeeze it," and "it better be good!"  
And you'd shake in your shoes while beside you he stood.

Up comes the target, your shot is outside.  
Then he'd cuss you out till you wished you had died.

You'd wait for a minute, or maybe a few,  
Then up comes the target—My God! it's a two.  
And you think, "Oh God! Now what will he do?"

"Damn it, boy, you'd better get hot,  
Now line up those sights and squeeze off this shot."

So once again you let one go,  
But where it went you never will know.  
But wait, look there! See the dirt fly.  
You look at the couch, and he's ready to cry.

You figure right then that he'll wring your neck,  
And send you to the mess hall to swab down the deck.

Well, my friend, let me tell you the score,  
You made him like that—you and a few more.

He's "Squeeze Dizzy," my friend, 'cause you made him that way.  
And he'll crack up now 'most any day.

You ask me how I know this, well, I'll tell you why,  
I ought to know, 'cause I'M THAT GUY!

—PFC. ROBERT L. DUFFEY.  
Camp Le Jeune, N. C.

### WILL

My house is quiet and almost still,  
My sons have gone to war,  
And that's their Will.  
If they are brave and true  
They'll come home again,  
And that's God's Will.

—MARGUERITE W. ROBERTSON.  
Kansas City, Mo.

We would like to send  
your Post Exchange

### Our New Ring Catalogue

A post card request will bring one  
to your Post Exchange

★

**KLEIN & MULLER**

21 Maiden Lane  
New York, New York

★

Maritime Watches  
and Rings

## FEET HURT?

Hot,  
Tired,  
Tender?



### QUICK RELIEF AT YOUR POST EXCHANGE

For quick relief from hot, tender, tired, sensitive feet, caused by exertion or fatigue, use Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm. Soothing, refreshing. Helps put you right back on your feet.

10¢ and 35¢

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FOOT BALM



## GET GUN DIRT OUT

with **HOPPE'S No. 9**

Don't let primer salt, powder residue, metal fouling and/or rust take away your gun's accuracy, power and life. Clean and protect that gun with Hoppe's No. 9—the sure, quick, "work-while-you-wait" gun cleaner and protector. At your dealers or PX store, or send 10¢ for sample. Valuable "Guide to Gun Cleaning" FREE for the asking.

**FRANK A. HOPPE, INC.**  
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## MARINES' 23RD PSALM

*The D.J. is my Shepherd, I shall not want.*

*He maketh me pick up burnt matches;*

*He leadeth me through mud puddles,*

*He restoreth my step.*

*He guideth me on the course of Obstacles for my health's sake.*

*Yea, though I walk through valleys I must run up hills.*

*He ordaineth my head with abuse*

*And my cup runneth over.*

*Surely cadence and mess duty will*

*Follow me all through the days of my Marine life.*

*And I shall dwell in the hair*

*Of the D.J. forever.*

—ANONYMOUS.

## A U. S. MARINE

*The proud service flag in my window  
Proclaims to the passing scene,  
From this home a volunteer went forth  
To serve as a U. S. Marine.*

*"A Marine Corps Family," the sticker  
says,*

*As next to my door bell it gleams,  
I want every one to know that I've  
A son with the U. S. Marines.*

*The globe and the anchor shine out on  
my pin,*

*I think it is really keen,*

*He gave it to me to wear always,  
To show he's a U. S. Marine.*

*In my living room's place of honor  
His platoon picture hangs, and between  
His enlistment notification and it  
Hangs his first photo as a Marine.*

*The one in his Sea School blues—in the  
other*

*He's dressed in forest green,*

*But the uniform doesn't matter,  
What's important is—he's a Marine.*

*May God bless our boys, wherever they  
are,*

*With their fine courage, youthful and  
clean;*

*May they safely come home when the  
war has been won,*

*Each proud to have been a Marine.*

—MRS. F. L. SCHULER.

THE END



There's that peeping Tom again!

# cool shaves

RATE CITATIONS FOR COMFORT AND SPEED!



**Ingram's helps condition your skin for smooth shaving while it's wilting your wiry whiskers.**

A MEDAL for comfort—citations for smoothness and speed—belong to Ingram's Shaving Cream! As its glacial lather wilts your whiskers with a Thunderbolt's speed and dispatch, Ingram's helps condition your skin for smooth shaving. You get a

smooth, clean, close shave—and a mighty COOL one in the bargain.

Long, long after the final maneuver of your flying blade, your face keeps on feeling braced, refreshed—and in addition it looks smoother, happier, younger!

Get Ingram's Shaving Cream today, in jar or tube, at any drug store or Post Exchange. Either way, Ingram's rates enthusiastic salutes.



**INGRAM'S  
SHAVING  
CREAM**

Product of Bristol-Myers

IN JAR OR TUBE



## CHAPPY SAYS:



**Hmmm!** She sure is a mighty cute trick—that little blonde nurse who looks after Chappy! And she knows her stuff, too. When his lips were cracked and sore from fever, she whisked out a handy little medicated Chap Stick and...

**Presto!** His lips were smooth and comfortable again in no time!

Remember—wind and sun make lips dry and cracked too. And that's when a fella needs Chap Stick. Gently medicated, it soothes the smarting—helps heal rough, cracked skin.

**Get Fleet's Chap Stick** in the handy he-man container today at your Ship's Service Store, P. X., or any drug store. Look for the name *Fleet's* to get the one and only Chap Stick.



Trade Mark Reg.  
U.S. Pat. Off.

On duty with U.S. Forces from  
Alaska (40° below) to Africa (140° above)

**Protect**  
YOUR TRAVEL MONEY  
AGAINST LOSS OR THEFT  
Always carry

**BANK of AMERICA**  
**TRAVELERS**  
**CHEQUES**

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## Girl Marines Roll Up Their Sleeves

(Continued from page 21)

nically rouged lips and brown curls, looked very much like a truck driver as far as dress was concerned.

She had on dungarees, utility coat and regulation men's field shoes, of which she is exceedingly fond. Also her trim ankles were encased in heavy wool socks. But the inevitable feminine touch was there. Her curls began to blow in the wind, so she extracted a bobby pin from her pants pocket and pinned 'em down.

Guided on by Lieutenant Freseman (who, in case you're interested, has a profile like the girls on the magazine covers), the next stop was the welding shop. Here PFC Myra Iorg, 23, former Salt Lake City postal clerk, and Private Margaret Currans, 21, defense worker from Baltimore, were wielding a welding torch, and doing very well with it. Private Currans disclosed that her father had wanted a son, but got Margaret. "So I thought I'd try to make up for it by joining the Marine Corps."

But make no mistake—she's strictly feminine. It wasn't long before Private Currans and Lieutenant Freseman were discussing uniforms, particularly hats. The lieutenant apparently knows all the answers to the girls' queries on uniform styles, and the girls have plenty of queries.

Even as they worked they discussed styles, hair-do's, hats and next summer's uniforms which they hope won't be the same as last summer. Overalls came up for discussion. New garments with shoulder straps had been ordered and there was some feeling they might not be practical. PFC Iorg tried one on, leaned over to pick up a piece of equipment and announced: "They might be all right, but I won't risk bending over in this one very often." Private Currans remained loyal to plain dungarees, and said she wished they'd let the girls go without utility jackets and wear, instead, heavy cotton skivvie tops with short sleeves; the ones with "Camp Lejeune" printed on the front.

The cotton tops had been ruled out, however, after an officer had observed the mess girls wearing them on duty one day. He decided there was a little too little material in them. Later one girl giggled: "The funny part is that he never did notice that the word 'Lejeune' wasn't even spelled right on them."

Few of the girls have close relatives in the Marine Corps. Private Mathews' brother is in the Navy, and Private Dorothea DeBlock, a winsome 23-year-old from Detroit, has a brother, Arthur, in the coast guard. She works in the uniform shop as a sizer.

"I didn't even think of joining anything except the Marine Corps," the Michigan girl exclaimed. "What other

service could there possibly be but the Marines?"

"I certainly wouldn't have considered enlisting in any other outfit," agreed a shapely, blue-eyed blonde who walked into the uniform shop at this precise moment.

The newcomer was properly presented as Sergeant Bernice Ewald. She is 25, had her own millinery designing shop in Detroit before enlisting, is the daughter of a retired business man and once told Movie Producer Jesse Lasky she wasn't interested in a movie career. She meant it, too. For additional details on Sergeant Ewald's pulchritude, see her faithfully-drawn picture in the September issue of *THE LEATHERNECK*. Sergeant Ewald should reconsider Mr. Lasky's offer when the war is over.

Regulations in the squadrooms are rigidly enforced and there is much bucking evident on the Friday nights before Saturday inspections. Gear is arranged as it is in the men's barracks except apparently they are more lenient about foot locker boxes. The girls, in feminine fashion, have a penchant for accumulating much non-GI clothing. One girl, by actual count, had 15 pairs of shoes piled in her foot locker.

"I really don't know where I hide them on inspections, but I do. Along with some other things, too," she confessed. "Some other things" included at least six cardboard boxes which once held pogy-bait and now were packed with an astonishing amount of feminine junk. She was quite correct in admitting she really didn't know where she hid all this stuff.

Male Marines have nothing on the girls when it comes to bucking for ratings. Some are hopeful of attaining commissions, but most of them merely scramble around for another stripe. The door is open for officer candidates from the enlisted ranks, however, according to Major Ruth Cheney Streeter, able Director of the USMCWR. Women who have been in the service up to three or four months following indoctrination, and those who have demonstrated their ability and capacity for military service, may be recommended by their commanding officers for the Officer Candidate School.

In conclusion, no one can help but agree, after spending a week at Camp Lejeune watching the women reserves at work, that Major Streeter has a sincere, hard working, determined outfit. All had a chance a year before to join the WACS, the WAVES or the SPARS; all had the opportunity of remaining in civilian life; none was compelled to enlist in the Marine Corps Women's Reserves. But they waited and chose enlistment in the Marines. They wanted to "do something" in the Marine Corps. As one put it:

"It was the Marines or nothing with us."

Brother Gyrenes may be proud of their sister Marines. And to repeat—they're a swell organization of "lady Marines."

THE END

THE LEATHERNECK



## Kicking the Gong Around

"KICKING the Gong Around" is not a dance originating deep in Harlem, nor is it a native dance of these islands.

Instead it is the signal in this Caudal-canal camp that a "bogie" (unidentified plane) is on its way in from sea.

The operations duty officer is responsible for sounding the gong, which is a shell casing of a five-inch .51 caliber catapult shell used for launching planes from ship.

When he starts "kicking the gong around" the occupants of the sick-bay, usually forewarned, suddenly find strength to rush to dugouts, corpsmen carry on litters those unable to walk, mess men cleaning up their pots and pans dash from the cook tent, working details follow suit, conversations even between officers and enlisted men are abruptly ended. It may be the officer who takes off first for a fox-hole, or it may be the enlisted man, but there are no formalities in the parting.

If it has been a rainy day the men slither and slide through creamy, pitch black mud, some safely and others not so luckily, to dive into fox-holes often inches deep with water.

Each man has a shelter that he and his pals have labored on, and it is for that haven that he sets his course. It is a distinct breach of etiquette to charge into a fox-hole other than your own, and the intruder is frequently tossed out poste haste—unless, of course, there is immediate danger to his safety.

The course set by these Marines is not always a true one. Exclamations, oaths and a variety of sounds may be heard as a luckless Leatherneck collides with a tree, which he could swear had a fixed position. Another trotting down the road smacks into the rear of

a parked truck, which of course has no burning taillight. Still another falls over building material for the new mess hall or runs into a sailor who has just arrived that day and is running a zig-zag course.

After the raid the sick-bay will be busy attending bruises, cleaning abrasions and sympathizing with owners of blackeyes incurred during the stampede.

Safely at their foxholes, the more venturesome poke their heads out and, not hearing planes, will come above ground. Others follow and soon the glowing ends of cigarettes break the stygian darkness as groups form and opinions as to the number of planes and the ancestry of the occupants is voiced.

As the planes near and get directly overhead, a dive is made back into the foxhole. The men have little respect for the marksmanship of the Japs and a bomb falling in the area is considered an accident. However, shrapnel from our own guns, which fill the heavens with steel, is the greatest danger when it drops. This necessitates the covering of foxholes, which really become dugouts of World War I, instead of leaving them open as is the custom by infantry units seeking only protection from rifle fire and strafing from the air.

The planes may be driven off without dropping a single "egg," other times a "whooshing" noise, not unlike the wind blowing in gusts through a partially open window, gives advance notice that bombs are coming down. The warning is short, however, and immediately is followed by thunderous reports which add the base to the caliope of gun fire and rock the earth.

THE END

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Left: Placing a Stiff  
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## Machine-Guns in the Solomons

(Continued on page 16)

CONSIDERABLE time was spent on the emplacements, as they were meant to serve as shelters against mortar fire, artillery, bombs, etc. A regular standing type emplacement was dug, with the front facing the final protective line. The sides were then sand-bagged and an overhead covering, consisting of logs, sand-bags and dirt, was put on. Finally, the front of the emplacement was logged up, except for a horizontal slit about eight to twelve inches high and long enough to allow the gun to traverse over the entire field of fire. The rivers in Guadalcanal rose and fell rapidly after a rain of any great length. Due to this there were often two or three emplacements dug in at different heights along the river banks. These emplacements all had relatively the same fields of fire and fire missions. When the emplacements were finished, protective wire would be put in around the gun positions. This protective wire was around the gun section rather than around a single gun and was a double apron fence. The double apron fences were easier and quicker to construct and took less wire to build than did the concertina type.

Most of the fields of fire in the jungles were not only narrow but, in some cases, were also quite short, some of them being not more than 150 to 200 yards long. This was due to the nature of the terrain, which was such that machine-guns located in valleys or ravines had their fields of fire cut down by short noses or hills running off a central ridge line. This necessitated placing a greater number of machine-guns on the front line than would have been the case if the ground to the front and flanks was all level or, at least, uniformly sloping. It also meant that light machine-guns, or other type of automatic weapons, must be placed on the nose to cover any possible dead spaces in the final protective line.

There were positions where perfect fields of fire were obtainable for the Browning machine-gun. One of these was along the edge of a grassy field. All that was necessary was to burn off the grass and a final protective line of grazing fire was obtainable. In some few instances, where the river ran parallel to the front lines, it was possible to get grazing fire by laying down the banks, or even on the river, itself. All too frequently, though, there were cases where no grazing fire at all could be had and where fields of fire were so restricted as to make the machine-gun almost useless. This was true especially in cases where the main line of defense ran along a high ridge line and the valley below was so heavily wooded that machine-guns could not be set up.

In some places there was set up a "break-through" gun. This was a single

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See The Bookshop ad on Page 71

.30-caliber machine-gun set up in the rear of the main line of resistance by itself and so situated that it could fire on any of the weak points along the front line. This weapon was used as a stop-gap. It was considered better to use an automatic weapon than troops. And, some places, we had no troops available.

When all the work of primary importance had been finished, the next thing done was the building of another double apron fence. Sometimes this was necessary because the first fence had been poorly or hurriedly constructed or because it had been broken down. Often two double apron fences were built to give added security to the line.

ON the offensive the .30 caliber, water-cooled Browning machine-gun was not used to a very great extent. This again was due to the type of terrain over which all of the operations were conducted. On a combat patrol the light machine-gun is a most valuable weapon. Using this light gun the patrol can set up any and all ambushes it wants. In this respect the light gun is excellent for it can be easily moved to a new position. On patrols, the heavy machine-gun was never used. The reason for this is obvious. The jungle through which the patrols scouted contained only trails which offered narrow, short, limited fields of fire. Off the trail, the foliage and jungle were so thick that all observation was obscured and movement was impossible. Then, too, it was imperative that the patrol move quickly and not be burdened with a machine-gun. All of this held true for any units that took up the offensive and found it necessary to move through the jungle. The ground over which the patrols operated was hilly in the extreme. In many places it was thick, heavy jungle which was often impassable. There were several waist and shoulder-deep rivers with a strong, swift current and in some instances there were mangrove swamps.

The moving of heavy machine-guns through this kind of territory slowed the gun crew down to such an extent that they often fell behind. Of course these heavy guns were always ready to back up the rifle companies whenever they were needed and they were an active protection against counterattack by the enemy. There were only a few instances where overhead fire was possible while the rifle troops were making an assault or attack. At night the guns were always set up around the bivouac areas and were one of the most important protective features which the battalion or company in bivouac possessed. The most important single factor which prevented the greater use of the heavy machine-gun was the restricted fields of fire.

One of the offensives taken by the Marines at Guadalcanal served as a testing ground for the heavy machine-guns. In the first attack on the Matakou river heavy machine-guns were taken. Those outfits which carried them

were sometimes as far as an hour behind the main unit and would have been useless if they had been needed immediately.

A BETTER weapon than the heavy machine-gun in situations similar to these and working over terrain like that in the Solomon area, is the light machine gun. The weight of the gun and tripod is about 50 pounds less than the heavy weapon and also no water-can is necessary with the light gun. The unit of fire is only six boxes which is twenty less than the heavy. It can be seen that the mobility of the light gun is considerably more than that of the heavy. It has been recommended by some commanding officers that along with the 24 guns, eight or twelve light machine-guns be added to the company's complement. These guns could be used when the battalion is on the offensive or when a landing is to be made. When on the defensive the heavy guns could be used alone or in conjunction with the light guns. Having these light guns in the weapons company would also enable the battalion commander to call on the weapons company for men and guns for patrol duty.

On the whole the heavy machine-guns were not used extensively by troops on the offensive in the Solomons area. Even the light machine-gun although carried by rifle units were seldom used. This small use of the machine gun was due to various reasons such as the nature of terrain, limited field of fire, speed of maneuver.

(In next month's issue, Captain Kennedy will discuss uses of the .50 caliber machine gun in the Solomons campaign. Also, the Captain will make a number of recommendations for changes in tactics and use of machine guns.)

THE END



"But do you really think the Marines will go for these?"

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# Marine of the Seven Seas

By Joe Morang\*



SOMEWHERE back in the Banana Revolution era Gunnery Sergeant Albert LaChapelle was given Joe for a nickname. But that doesn't mean he is just another guy named Joe, now located "Somewhere in the South Pacific."

For to look through Joe LaChapelle's service record book is to read the case history of the United States Marine Corps during the last 28 of its 167 years.

The record book covers a transition in uniform; in pay allowances; in weapons; in equipment; in tactics of battle. It covers a gargantuan expansion of the Marine Corps to its present size from a small and highly mobile unit of 12,000 officers and men.

It covers two World Wars, and landing parties from the Black Republic to the South Pacific. It covers a myriad of duties at innumerable stations on six continents and seven seas.

It covers a lifetime.

Looking back on it all, Joe LaChapelle will tell you:

"I made the Marine Corps my career and the only thing about it I regret is waiting until I was 24 before I enlisted. I went places and did things. I've served in every barracks on every post. I've been in every campaign the Marine Corps has had since I joined it.

"I've known all the famous Marine Corps characters. It's been a wonderful experience and education, and I wouldn't trade my memories of it for all the material comforts any civilian my age could boast."

Some of the friends and officers with whom he has served have grown gray in the service with Joe. Some have made the last sacrifice. Some have drifted into anonymity and some have risen to fame. The old Marine Corps

as he knew it for so many years rapidly is disappearing under a phenomenal blooming in number and scope of operation.

But unlike so many other salty old veterans, or some who like to think of themselves as such, Joe LaChapelle has welcomed the changes, for with the wisdom of long service he realizes that fundamentally the Marine Corps is still the Marine Corps, with all its old swashbuckling gallantry and esprit de corps plus a greater and more fearsome striking power. Where other old timers are inclined to wax nostalgic in making their comparisons, Joe LaChapelle attributes natural if sometimes irritating mistakes of the new organization to lusty young growing pains.

"Maybe a lot of those kids in graves on Guadalcanal and Tulagi couldn't drill with the old timers," he explains. "They didn't have much time to learn to do anything but fight. But they could and did fight and die like Marines and I for one am proud that they were."

Joe knows what it is to be in a tight spot. He was in the mud and whining horror of Belleau Wood; in the mist-fogged jungle of Nicaragua; in the witch's curse of rifle fire at Vera Cruz.

But the predicament he remembers most vividly occurred in San Domingo back in 1916.

"I was a member of a patrol commanded by Lieutenant (now Colonel) Roswell Winans," he reminisces. "Somehow we got boxed into a ravine and framed in a heavy cross-fire from machine guns. Our own machine gun was jammed. We didn't have grenades in those days, only our rifles and pistols.

"We finally shot our way out of the trap by taking two of their machine gun nests, but we had quite a few of the boys killed or wounded before we got out.

"I guess I remember it best because that was the first time I heard bullets go whistling by my ears looking for my head."

It was as a member of the Fourth Regiment that Joe LaChapelle served in San Domingo, and he was to serve with it on seven different tours of duty.

He wasn't there when the regiment finally was cut to carmine pieces in the shambles of Cavite and Mariveles and Corregidor, but scores of his close friends were. The old light of battle flames in his gray eyes when he speaks of the regiment and how it went out.

"They got the boys who were in it at the time," he grits. "But the Fourth still is carried on the rolls and its flag will still shake out in the breeze across the Pacific when the last Jap has been wiped out.

"Bozo Duncan was there. They tell me Bozo was pretty badly shot up. They must have paid a heavy price for him."

He was speaking of First Sergeant

Richard F. Duncan, one of the greatest football and baseball stars ever to wear Marine Corps colors.

Joe's friendship with Duncan dates back to the halcyon, bombastic, expletive-ridden years of Major General Smedley D. Butler, when the Marine Corps in a post-war reaction became athletically conscious and fielded teams which whipped most of the college competition that could be provided.

"Lots of good ball players in those days," Joe will tell you. "But they were good Marines, too. Fellows like Johnny Beckett, Elmer Hall, Joe Surcik, Hank Liversedge and Frank Goettge, God rest him!"

There were others too. Elder giants whose names and deeds have survived the years to bridge the mighty gap between the old Marine Corps and the new. Men like Eddie Gorman, Frank Fenton, Freddie Knauff, Al Chenoweth, Jim Balis, Hank Risko, Red Austing, Frank Cavanaugh and Derby Ross.

TODAY, one the threshold of richly deserved appointment to the rank of Marine Gunner, Joe LaChapelle is serving under Colonel Benjamin W. Atkinson. Joe served under him when he was Second Lieutenant Atkinson, adjutant to Major General Joseph H. Pendleton, who organized the Fourth Regiment.

He knew many other high ranking officers. Major General Charles F. B. Price was a major when his path first crossed Joe's. He was with Colonel "Hike 'Em Hinn" Bearss, and with Major General John Lejeune, later to become commandant of the Marine Corps, and with Colonel Freddy Wise, hero of Chateau Thierry.

He remembers Sergeant Major Dan Daly, who went to his final rest bestrengthening his Congressional Medal of



"That's what I hate about this joint. You're here today and here tomorrow."

\*Tech. Sergeant, Marine Corps Combat Correspondent.



Honor to the Marine Corps, and Sergeant Major John Quick, who did the same and for whom a beautiful road at Quantico is named.

He knew Frank Young, another who won the Congressional Medal, and dates back to Vera Cruz and Mexico in his friendship for Lou Diamond, the bearded mastery gunnery sergeant whose fog-horn voice and deadly mortar fire struck flaming terror to the hearts of Japs on Guadalcanal.

Joe also knew Commander Gene Tunney when the former world's heavy-weight champion was plain Private James J. Tunney.

That was at Parris Island in 1917, after Joe had returned from San Domingo to teach the bayonet while awaiting his own assignment to France with the Fifth Marines.

"Gene wasn't too good with his long thrusts," Joe laughs, "but what a wallowing he gave those dummies with his butt strokes! I boxed with him, too, but after that I decided to stick to my own game—the bayonet."

Joe never stayed put in one place very long after the first World War ended. His longest stretch, as he recalls, was a 27-month station in China. This left him enough time for service at Guam (twice), at Pearl Harbor (three or four times), at Olongapo and Cavite in the Philippines (at least a couple of times), Shanghai, Tientsin or Peiping (five times), Nicaragua, Cuba and sundry other points on both sides of the International Dateline.

"Oh, yes," he remarks, "I had some seagoing time, too. Let's see . . . there was the old *Colorado* (battleship), the *Hancock* (gunboat), the *Yorktown* (cruiser)—oh, quite a few more. I really don't remember them all."

But Joe LaChapelle did more than travel. He performed uncounted duties, ranging from admiral's orderly to drum major of a band. He taught weapons and ramrodded cooks as a mess sergeant. He drilled recruits and helped guard the mail. He was a color guard

and was under fire on patrols in Central America. He played football and baseball and supervised rifle range firing. He was a company clerk, sergeant of the guard, fireman, MP, gun pointer and captain, payroll guard and so on infinitum.

Row on neat row in a blaze of color across his chest are campaign ribbons including World War Victory, Vera Cruz, Purple Heart, Expeditionary (with three stars), Good Conduct (with numeral 4), Second Nicaraguan Campaign, San Domingo, China Service, Yangtze Patrol, American Defense (with star), and Asiatic-Pacific medals.

They tell the story of his life more graphically than words. They tell of hot sun and icy blast and mosquitoes and wind and mud and dust; of long patrols and nights at sea. They tell of 28 years of Marine Corps service.

Joe LaChapelle has been on the move too many years to have deep roots anywhere, but he likes to think of San Francisco as being his home town, although he was born in Woodburn, Ore., and enlisted in Portland, Ore. He considers San Diego his favorite post in the United States.

"But," he hastens to add, "I like Quantico, too!"

His duties with the first Marine Amphibious Corps are not new, though they lend him a power he is careful not to abuse in any way. He is the senior non-commissioned officer in a force of military policemen. To a man, his MP's look upon him as a cross between Paul Bunyan and John Paul Jones. His word is law; not because of the faded, weather-beaten stripes blazoning his sleeves, but because of the infinite respect in which they hold him.

Joe has two sisters who live in the old LaChapelle home at 1028 North Third Avenue, in Woodburn, Mrs. May Stretch and Mrs. Myrtle Cochran. A brother, Oliver, and another sister, Mrs. Blanche Camelle, live in Missoula, Mont.

THE END

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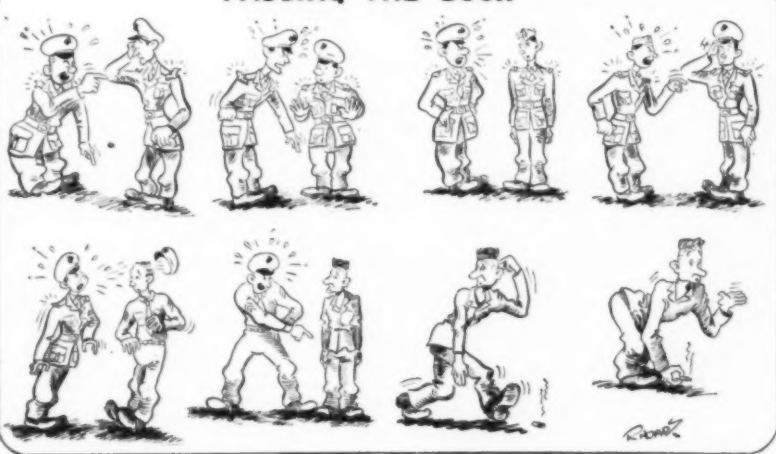
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## CASUALTIES

Marine Corps Casualties, Missing and Dead, August 1, 1943, to September 1, 1943:

### DEAD

**ALABAMA**  
BARTLETT, Ray W., 1st Lt., Birmingham  
McSWENEY, Hughie, Pfc., Birmingham

**ARIZONA**  
LEWIS, Kenneth L., Pfc., Liberty  
RAWSON, George H., 2nd Lt., Flagstaff

**CALIFORNIA**  
BRUCK, Edward P., Jr., Pvt., San Marino  
CAIN, William F., Jr., Corp., San Francisco  
CARLSON, Earl O., 1st Sgt., El Segundo  
CROSLAND, Maurell B., Pvt., Los Angeles  
DOUGHERTY, Robert Edward, Pfc., Vallejo  
LARSON, Berent L., Corp., Bell  
MOSLEY, James C., Corp., Oakland  
NEILL, William K., 1st Lt., Bakersfield  
SIM, Alec M., 2nd Lt., Colton  
STEWART, Thomas Lincoln, Corp., Long Beach

**CONNECTICUT**  
THORNBURG, Virgil C., Pvt., Del Rey

**DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA**  
BOOTH, Alfred J., Pfc., Torrington  
CORBETT, John R., 1st Lt., Washington  
MULFORD, Robert L., Corp., Washington  
SIKKEN, John J., Pvt., Washington

**FLORIDA**  
ANTHONY, Ralph F., Pvt., Pensacola  
GOSS, Angus R., Mar-Gun., Tampa  
HENDRICKS, James Henry, Jr., StSgt., Port Orange  
HUNTER, Wallace M., III, Pvt., Auburndale  
WASSON, Jefferson D., Jr., Pfc., Jacksonville

**GEORGIA**  
HANCOCK, Elzie J., Jr., Pfc., Columbus  
HARPER, James M., Jr., Pfc., Metter

**ILLINOIS**  
ANDERSON, Samuel W., Pfc., Danville  
DITT, Robert A., Sgt., Chicago  
EASTON, Charles S., Corp., Carmi  
FISCHEE, William H., Sgt., Chicago  
HUFFINE, Howard Earl, Pfc., Elgin  
REYNOLDS, James, Jr., Pvt., LaSalle  
ROOSEVELT, James P., Albion

**INDIANA**  
BOVENSCHULTE, William G., Pvt., Terre Haute  
CASH, Robert D., Pfc., Gary  
KENNEDY, James, Pvt., New Castle

**IOWA**  
AIKEN, Philip R., 2nd Lt., West Liberty  
MAASEN, Dale G., Pfc., Avoca

**KANSAS**  
LINKE, Harold F., Pfc., St. John

**KENTUCKY**  
WILLIAMS, Paul W., Pvt., Ashland

**LOUISIANA**  
LE BLEU, Elmo, Pvt., Lake Charles  
MEPHIS, Harvey J., Pvt., Lake Charles  
ROBERTSON, Donald R., A., Pvt., Franklin  
TATUM, Curtis A., 2nd Lt., Converse  
WHITE, Henry S., Capt., Arcadia

**MAINE**  
MAC LEAN, John E., Pfc., Kennebunkport  
WHITNEY, Thomas E., Pfc., Augusta

**MARYLAND**  
WESTERLUND, George C., 1st Lt., Baltimore

**MASSACHUSETTS**  
BALDIGA, Walter E., Pfc., North Bellingham  
FLYNN, Lawrence H., Sgt., Brockton  
JOHNSON, James L., Pfc., Everett  
KINGSBURY, John G., Jr., Pvt., Medway  
LA ROCHELLE, Roger G., Jr., Corp., South-bridge

**MICHIGAN**  
PHILLIPS, Carl, Sgt., Hingham  
ANDREZEJEWSKI, Lambert S., Pvt., Detroit  
BRYANT, Everett, Pvt., Pontiac  
CHATFIELD, John J., Pfc., Free Soil  
DANIELS, Charles E., Pfc., Sanfor  
ELLIOTT, Frank B., Pfc., Rochester  
GARDNER, John P., Pfc., Detroit  
HAXER, John C., Pvt., Detroit  
HOGUE, Fred, Pfc., Dearborn  
JORDON, Jay, Sgt., Ypsilanti  
SCOTT, Walter B., Pvt., The Heights  
WAHLERS, Floyd W., Pvt., Detroit  
HEELER, Eugene J., Pvt., South Haven

**MINNESOTA**  
REGAN, William A., Pfc., St. Paul  
ROBERTSON, Douglas Stuart, Corp., Jackson

**MISSOURI**  
FARRELL, Robert L., Corp., West Plains  
SUTTKOWSKY, John J., Pvt., St. Louis

**NEBRASKA**  
EPPERSON, Ben, Pfc., Omaha

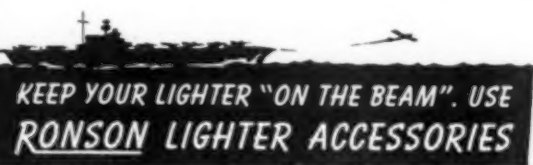
**NEW JERSEY**  
SMITH, Harold W., Corp., Millburn

**NEW YORK**  
ERICKSON, Harry F., GySgt., New York  
FLAUM, Martin, Pfc., Syracuse  
MAKIN, George B., Pfc., Elmont  
OLDHAM, Philip A., 2nd Lt., Rye  
POWERS, William R., Pfc., New York  
SAUER, Reinhard J., Pvt., Brooklyn  
STATES, George W., Jr., Pfc., Springfield  
WALSH, James F., Sgt., Syracuse  
WANTUCK, John J., Pvt., Elmira

**NORTH CAROLINA**  
ABBOTT, Lloyd B., Pvt., High Point  
PATRICK, Ersel T., Corp., Roper

**OHIO**  
ABDOWX, Gerald R., Pfc., East Palestine  
CARPENTER, Ralph G., Pfc., New Carlisle  
GOFFOS, Albert A., Tsgt., Buffalo  
IGLEBURGER, Theodore Q., Pfc., Dayton  
OLIER, George R., Pfc., Lakewood  
ZAKOVICH, Joseph A., StSgt., Cleveland  
WOERL, John A., Jr., Pvt., Dayton

**OKLAHOMA**  
BLACK, Donald A., Pfc., Frederick  
GIBBINS, Walter William, Pfc., Sallisaw



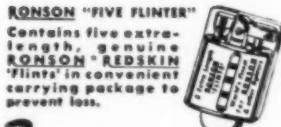
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 COMBS, John G., Pfc., Philadelphia  
 FIZUR, Frank J., Jr., Corp., Philadelphia  
 MOCK, George F., Pvt., Tamaqua  
 SELFRIDGE, Calvin L., Pvt., Butler  
 SUGARS, Micke, Pfc., Pottsville  
 TROHA, Frank F., Pfc., Brownsville  
 VISCO, Jerry W., Jr., Pfc., Philadelphia  
 ZINZEVICH, Barney, Pfc., Elmhurst  
 SOUTH CAROLINA  
 HOLLIDAY, John C., Corp., Florence  
 TENNESSEE  
 ALLEN, Carroll H., Pvt., Dresden  
 WINN, Audrey G., Jr., Pfc., Memphis  
 TEXAS  
 ANDERSON, Von R., Sgt., Glazier  
 DODSON, Virgil R., Jr., Pvt., Vickery  
 JOHNSON, James W., Pvt., Gainesville  
 MANSKER, Charles R., Pvt., Galveston  
 SHUEMATE, James T., Pvt., Cameron  
 SMITH, Othor F., 1st Lt., Galveston  
 VERMONT  
 AYERS, Gerald L., Pvt., Windsor  
 WISELL, Stanley F., Pfc., Rutland  
 WASHINGTON  
 DALY, John J., Pfc., Seattle  
 WEST VIRGINIA  
 LEWIS, John O., Pfc., Eccles  
 PYNE, Harold W., Pfc., Huntington  
 WISCONSIN  
 BARNES, Donald A., Pvt., Cudahy  
 HARTER, Harry H., 1st Lt., Milwaukee  
 KAUFMAN, Robert L., Pvt., Milwaukee  
 LOSHEK, James R., Pvt., Madison  
 WABSCHELL, Daniel A., Pvt., New Franken

## MISSING

ARKANSAS  
 BAKER, Caruth A., Jr., 1st Lt., Atkins  
 TAYLOR, Gifford D., Jr., 1st Lt., Russellville  
 CALIFORNIA  
 NICHOLS, Jack A., 1st Lt., Santa Barbara  
 PELKEY, William A., Pfc., Burbank  
 JICKEREL, Gerald M., Capt., Los Angeles  
 CONNECTICUT  
 BLAKESLEE, Wilbur H., 2nd Lt., Bristol  
 ILLINOIS  
 MOORE, Donald B., 1st Lt., Wheaton  
 KANSAS  
 GOMMERAC, Nicholas J., Pfc., Kansas City  
 MASSACHUSETTS  
 RETZSCH, Norton V., Pfc., East Boston  
 PENNSYLVANIA  
 MCGRAW, George R., Pfc., Altoona  
 VIRGINIA  
 HODGES, Burrell D., Pvt., Norfolk

## SAFE

HALL, Sheldon O., Capt. (Previously reported missing in July 26, 1943), Chicago  
 The Casualties listed above bring the grand total reported to Next of Kin since December 7, 1941, to September 1, 1943, to 7,094, which breaks down by Classifications as follows:

Dead .....	2,605
Wounded .....	2,501
Missing .....	663
Prisoners of War .....	1,925
Total .....	7,094



"Oh, have you been to eight camps, already?"

# Vaseline HAIR TONIC



5 DROPS A DAY KEEPS DRY SCALP AWAY  
 GIVES YOU HANDSOME-LOOKING HAIR!

HERE'S THE WAY to neater, healthier-looking hair! Every morning shake a few drops of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic on your comb and run it through your hair or rub it directly on your scalp. It will keep your hair well-groomed right through the day. And notice how it checks Dry Scalp and loose dandruff.



"I made a GOOD NEIGHBOR out of SENORITA!"

IT WAS FIESTA... and I was a flop! The only words I knew were "Si, si!"—and she never said "em. No woolly, too!" My hair was wild, and

THEN MY BUDDY buzzed in my ear, "Better help that hay you call hair! Get wise to 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. A few drops a day checks Dry Scalp and loose dandruff."

SHE RAZES my rhumba slick—feels like "slip out"! My hair won't hear. Looks new interest in foreign affairs.





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you ask  
for a

kick in the pants?

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NOTE: Since the Marine Corps Institute was first founded, the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton, Pa., have had the privilege of supplying the Institute and Marines with certain lesson texts and services. It is to the Institute and the Marine Corps that I, C. S., dedicate the above message.

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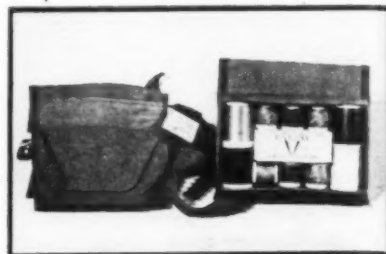
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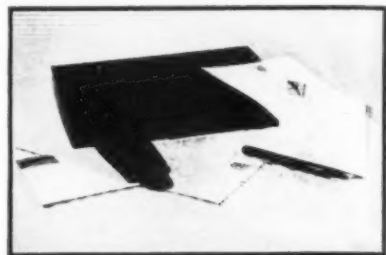
Dept. 21, Box 5440A, Chicago, 80

**25c**

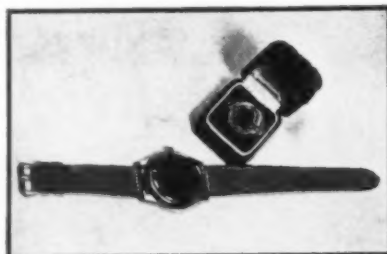
## Marines Prefer These Articles for Christmas Gifts



Tastes in gifts are many, but starting with photo frames, pocketbooks and sew-



ing kits, shaving soaps and fountain pens, here are some suggestions. Wrist



watches led the list in a poll of what Marines wanted for Christmas. Some



wanted sunglasses, identification bracelets, brain food and just food. Easy



slippers were requested, one lad wanted Betty Hutton—and all wanted HOME.

THE LEATHERNECK



# A Gyrene Enjoys a Dream

By Ward Walker\*

WHAT does a Marine dream about when he's "Somewhere in the South Pacific?"

The answer is "HOME." Mud, insects, military routine and whatever chores his duty dictates—those are real to a Marine. But always in the background of his mind, the favorite topic of his bull sessions, is home.

Take husky Corporal Stanley J. Malec, USMC, 22, Chicago, for example. "Mr. Six by Six," as he is called by the Marines at this island base—he is six feet tall and weighs 196 pounds), was lying on his sack. Sweat soaked and tired after a day of trouble shooting on telephone wires over volcanic mountains and through the jungle, Corporal Malec was day dreaming out loud:

"Man alive, just dump me at the Northwestern station on Madison street," he said, to no one in particular.

"You know that little tailor shop about a block away? I'd stop there and get my blues pressed—get a quick shave—and then grab a cab for home.

"Man, the cabbie that gets me for a passenger is going to be in luck—I'm going to throw him a five buck tip when he drops me in front of that two story brick home of mine.

"I'll knock on the door and wait. Maybe it'll be Mom or Dad (Mr. and Mrs. John Malec), or maybe it'll be Anne, my Sis, that answers. Boy! Dad'll send out for a bucket of suds while I soak in the tub—a bathtub with real hot water.

"And that first night—after one of Mom's hamburger steak dinners—we'll just sit around and talk. I'll get to know 'em again—it's been 18 months since I've seen 'em," he added, a little apologetically.

"The next day I'll go out and see the crew I used to work with at the W. F. Hall Printing Company. And I'll see all my old pals and call a gal or two.

"Man, we'll blow the Windy City apart that night. The Trianon, the Blackhawk—we might even take a whirl at the Chez Paree. Steak dinner at Ray's Steak House. Then I'm going to dance until they send the orchestra home.

"Maybe it'll be fall and the Bears will be playing," the Corporal continued. "That'll take care of a Sunday afternoon. And I just want to walk on Michigan Boulevard, down through the loop, watching the people and looking at the store windows.

"Man, give me 10 days in Chicago and I think I could whip the Japs myself!"

\*Sergeant, Marine Combat Correspondent.

THE END



"I want the one smoking  
Sir Walter Raleigh"

Treat yourself to the extra mildness, the delightful aroma of Sir Walter Raleigh—blended from choice Kentucky burleys.

**SIR WALTER RALEIGH**

PIPE TOBACCO

*Smokes as sweet as it smells*



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## Shoestring Rescue

THE shoe strings that tied his wrists to a pair of floating ammunition drums while he struggled seven hours in Guadalcanal's shark-infested waters saved the life of Corporal George E. Chamberlin, USMC, of Miami Beach.

He had been aboard a cruiser, serving with a gun crew that had maintained an almost continuous curtain of fire against Japanese establishments on Guadalcanal for 48 hours. Blazing munition dumps at Kokumbona Point and at Henderson Field gave flaming testimony to the accuracy of American gunfire, as the Cruiser withstood waves of attacking torpedo planes and dive bombers. Weary gunners cheered as only four Japanese planes limped away after 18 had stormed the vessel in a single attack.

Corporal Chamberlin and a Marine buddy, Sergeant A. R. Brake of Birmingham, Alabama, had the early morning gun watch on the cruiser's third day off Guadalcanal.

Moments later an abrupt call brought them to battle stations to fight a Japanese cruiser force. Against heavy odds the cruiser began its last battle.

Their gun blown out of action, Corporal Chamberlin and a battery mate,

Corporal Ted Siek of Passaic, New Jersey, didn't seek cover.

"We just stood there and bellowed curses until our ships went down."

Wounded five times by shrapnel, Corporal Chamberlin was weak from loss of blood when a shipmate, Aviation Machinist's Mate Second Class Carryl Clement, USN, Baltimore, swam to him. Clement kept the wounded Marine afloat by tying his wrists to ammunition drums with laces removed from his shoes.

Afraid to strike out for Guadalcanal seven miles away for fear of coming ashore in enemy territory, the two men hoped for dawn and rescue. They talked incessantly to keep their spirits high. They sang juke box favorites, such as "You Are My Sunshine" and "Deep in the Heart of Texas."

"But we were too busy holding on to those ammunition cans to clap hands while we sang," Corporal Chamberlin wryly explained.

Rescued by an American destroyer after seven hours, Corporal Chamberlin recovered in four months at Pearl Harbor hospital before assignment to the San Diego Marine base as a drill instructor. The son of Mrs. J. H. Casanave, Miami Beach, Corporal Chamberlin spent a year at the United States Naval Academy before enlisting in the Marines in July, 1940. — PRIVATE JOHN WILKERSON.

THE END



# PHILLIPS'

## makes your mouth feel like SPRINGTIME!

**WHEN YOU ROLL OUT** sleepily in the morning or finish a rough day, put that springtime feeling in your mouth with Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tooth Paste!

Phillips' does more than cleanse your teeth with top-rank effectiveness. Its fine, minty flavor freshens your mouth, too! Because Phillips' contains the

equivalent of 75% genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia, it also helps combat mouth acids and sweetens the breath. Try it after smoking and see for yourself.

Only Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tooth Paste, and Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tooth Powder, contain genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. Say "Phillips'" when you buy, at your post exchange or elsewhere.



**Phillips'**  
MILK OF MAGNESIA  
**Tooth Paste**

**AT YOUR  
POST EXCHANGE**

# AT EASE

(Continued from page 31)

"The writer gives him a fishy eye. 'What do you mean, bayonets and flags? A man can't carry a gun and a flag, too.'"

"I got it," Moe couldn't be stopped. "We'll have 'em carryin' guns with bayonets flashing and on the bayonets an American flag. Bayonets with flags on 'em. It's never been done. Jeez, what an idea!"

"What about the fife and drum squad—we should have music?"

"Sure, we gotta have music. We'll have . . . Wait, I got it . . ."

"What, again?"

"We'll get Kate Smith and have her right in the middle, marchin' along in a Red Cross suit singin' 'God Save America.'"

"You mean 'God Save Kate'?"

"Maybe a WAC we should make her. A WAC to bring in the women angle. To show how the women are in there pitchin', too. Symbolic stuff, see. On each side of Kate a lady sailor and a lady Marine. We gotta get 'em all in, or else . . ."

"If you get Kate in, how are you going to get in anyone else?"

"We'll do it. A tie-in with the Navy, too. Have a battleship splashing through the ocean and a band playin' 'Remember Pearl Harbor'. Then the admiral will climb up the pole and get the flag. . . ."

"Aboard ship it's an ensign. . . ."

"No en-sign for us. We'll have the guy an admiral or nothing. He'll get the flag and march around the ship singing . . . what is it they sing? Something about anchors. And all the sailors throw their hats in the air and we oughta be able to throw in a good dance routine right here."

"Where's the Army of Marines by this time?"

"The Marines? Oh, yeah, the Marines. I've got it . . . we'll have 'em first in those overall-looking suits, all needing a shave yet. Then all of a sudden we'll go into technicolor and they'll be comin' out of the trenches in those blue uniforms."

"They don't wear blues in trenches, and it isn't trenches but foxholes in this war."

"All right, foxholes, trenches, what's the difference. Then we fade in again with the capitol at Washington in the background with the flag flying. Symbolic stuff, see, and behind it is the statue of Lincoln."

"Yeah, we'll have Lincoln's statue all white, and then his lips begin to move and he says, 'Fellow Americans, now is the time to buy war bonds. Liberty for all.' Sure, that'll be just the spot to put in a plug for war bonds. Patriotic all the way."

"We'll have a quick close-up of the dame kissing the guy's picture and then go into the big smash finish with the army and navy marching into Berlin and Tokyo and Kate Smith's really going to town now with 'God Save America' and she switches into 'The Star Spangled Banner' with the whole cast joinin' and they'll hold out their hands and tell the audience to join in too—and to buy more bonds to keep our fightin' men fightin' for life, love and pursuit of property or whatever that line is."

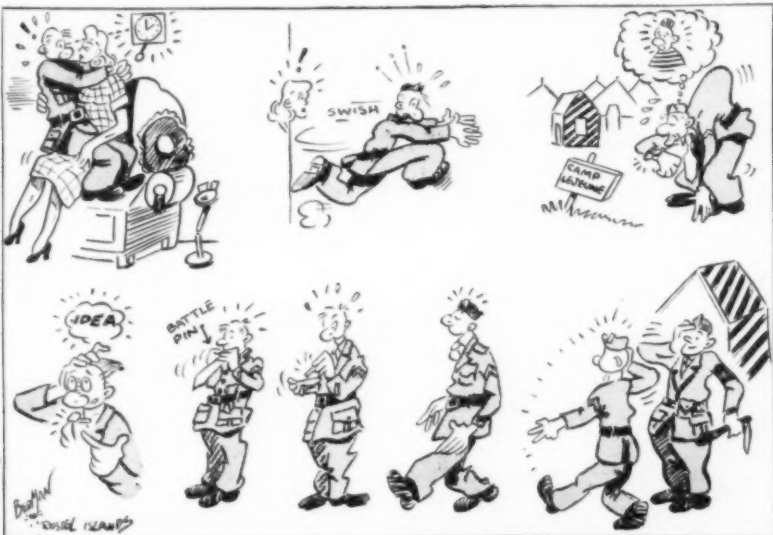
"Jeez, I can see it now. What a smash ending. We'll have 'em layin' in the aisles with that one. Whaddaya think of it?"

Moe is excited. His eyes shine. What had been just another production along the boy-meets-girl theme now is a super-colossal epic. Moe shouts, "Great stuff. Whaddaya think of it?" He peered intently at his \$2,000-a-week writer.

The writer was fast asleep.

And that, friends, is how many a picture of today is born.

THE END



More MARINE OFFICERS wear insignia bearing the H-H Trademark than of all other makes combined—there must be a good reason for this overwhelming preference.

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# WAR BONDS

INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS  
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## Forty-Six Came Back

By Milburn McCarty, Jr.\*

**E**IGHTY went out to Guadalcanal and only 46 came back, but they finished their job!

That's the record of a battle-scarred contingent of dive bombing Marines whose number was diminished almost by half after going through one of the toughest war assignments to date.

The story of the squadron, now told for the first time, is the story of a bombing squadron that fought through the bitterest period at Guadalcanal, a squadron that bombed and shot and strafed, and was bombed and shot and strafed in return, not only every day, but practically every hour of the day.

This Marine aviation unit arrived at Guadalcanal with 42 pilots, 38 aerial radio gunners, and 21 SBD dive bombing planes. Sixteen more planes arrived as replacements while they were on the island.

The squadron left seven weeks later with 23 pilots, 23 gunners, and no planes. "What ships were left were filled with holes, and hardly worth bringing out," explains Second Lieutenant Walter R. Bartosh, of Eau Claire, Wisconsin, 22-year-old commanding officer who is now stationed near this base with some of the other survivors.

Of the 80 men originally sent out, only 13 returned who were not killed, injured, or knocked out by tropical diseases. Practically all of the wounded and sick members, however, have recovered, and most of the 46 who came through are now back on active duty.

Lieutenant Bartosh was tenth in command when the squadron arrived at Guadalcanal. But before the squadron had been there a week a Jap shell landed near Henderson Field and killed the three top officers at once—Major Gordon A. Bell, of Los Angeles, Captain Edward Miller, of Philadelphia, and Captain R. A. Abbott, of Moscow, Idaho.

A few days later the first lieutenant who had assumed command flew out and never returned. Then the highest ranking second lieutenant was added to the casualty list, then another, and another, until Bartosh, tenth in line a few weeks before, found himself in command of the squadron.

Most members of the squadron were youngsters who in peace time would be starting on their first jobs. The youngest was Private First Class N. L. Fulton, of McAllister, Oklahoma, who was 17. The oldest was Major Bell, 29. Neither returned.

Outnumbered and overworked, almost every man made at least two or three raids a day. In addition to bombing missions, the planes served as ar-

tillery spotters, supported ground advances, and kept up a regular schedule of patrols and reconnaissance trips.

The SBDs also took punishment between trips. "One day," relates Second Lieutenant John R. Kennedy, of Minneapolis, "the Japs caught us before we could get off the ground. They came in swarms, and kept coming, all day. When the Japs finally left, there were only two planes we could get off the ground.

"With attacks like that, plus the holes we'd bring back every trip, we kept our mechanics pretty busy."

The job of dive bombers is to dump their loads and get away, so it's always difficult to establish definitely the amount of damage they do. Recapitulation shows, however, that the squadron helped account for at least one Jap battleship, three cruisers, six destroyers, twelve transports, and an assorted collection of Jap land installations.

How many thousand Japs they killed only Tokyo knows. "Those Jap transports were so jammed with men," says Lieutenant Bartosh, "that when we strafed, bodies literally rolled over the decks in waves."

Already two of the survivors have been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for their performance: Second Lieutenants Robert W. Johannesen, of Tacoma, Washington, and Moscow, Idaho; and Lucius S. Smith, III, of Du Quoin, Illinois.

Living conditions attending this fighting were, of course, indescribably bad. When the men weren't crouched in fox holes they were trying to sleep on damp bunks. Between raids they smoked cigarettes and drank coffee, meanwhile keeping one eye peeled skywards for Jap planes.

Most of them got dysentery. Second Lieutenant Robert F. Graham, a graduate of the University of Virginia, reports that his gunner came down with an acute case at just the wrong time.

"Dysentery hit him as we were returning to Henderson, with five Zeros on our tail. The poor fellow couldn't even open the hood to get air, for that would have slowed us down five knots. We'd hardly hit the field when he was out of the plane and running for the river."

For diversion, Lieutenant Bartosh, an avid bridge fan, tried to get in some games during his few idle hours. "But Guadalcanal," he states, "is the hardest place I ever saw to get a fourth at bridge."

The men were making forced landings behind Jap lines every other day or so. Sergeant John M. Comm, Jr., of Shreveport, Louisiana, spent two days in the bush. Corporal Frank F. Lamons, of Banning, California, came down twice, once with a pilot who was later lost and then with Second Lieutenant Robert K. Meentz, of Port Madison, Iowa.

After his first forced landing Corporal Lamons was picked up several

\*A Marine Corps Combat Correspondent.



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# Nothing too good for the boys!

Plain or  
Menthol-iced



It's a Cream-  
not a Grease!



Photo by Ritter

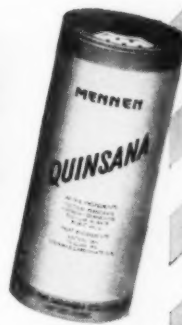
"You mean to say you're leaving just  
because your buddy phoned that the P. X.  
got a shipment of Mennen Skin Bracer!"



Largest-Selling  
Men's Talc



For After-Shaving  
Chapped Skin  
Sunburn, Windburn  
Hot, Tired Feet



All-Purpose  
Foot Powder

# MENNEN

The Mennen Co., Newark, N. J., San Francisco

THE END

A "Billiard" shape  
Super-Grain Kaywoodie,  
\$5.00.



## "I Smoke a Kaywoodie"

Wherever you go, you hear them saying "I smoke a Kaywoodie." All over the world. Here's why it's internationally famous:

There is a difference in the way a Kaywoodie Pipe smokes. And in the way it tastes. This is because of the briar-wood which it is made of, and the way in which this briar-wood is prepared.

It is seasoned and cured with tempering agents that permeate the wood. It came from the Mediterranean before the war. There's nothing like this Kaywoodie Pipe. Always mild, good-tempered and yielding the same delicious Kaywoodie Flavor.

Kaywoodie Co., New York and London  
In New York, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.



## The Sergeant's Slip is Showing

"LIFE," said First Sergeant Elmer McSorley, "is a bitter pill for a tender soul like me to swallow. It is not enough that I get Shanghaied into the fairy-like atmosphere of this so-called recruiting office, when my old outfit is out there having some rugged fun with the Japs. No, that is not enough punishment, now I am about to become nursemaid to a flock of women who call themselves gyrenes!"

From a corner of his mouth a spurt of tobacco juice emerged, performed a neat parabola in mid-air and landed into the corner spittoon beside his desk. It was evident to the baker's dozen of recruiters at DHRS, Boonville, that The Top was in his usual bad humor, only more so.

For two weeks, ever since he had first learned that two members of USMCWR were to be assigned to his office, he had been beating his chops about the decline of the Corps. "It is indeed a sad state of affairs," he complained, "when the outfit which I have been proud to consider the toughest, fightin'est men in the whole world, is taken over by a covey of women. I have been busted many a time in the course of my three hitches, but I consider my next bust the most justified of all. It will come when I draw the line at calling one of these here Mt. Holyoke Marines 'Sir.' All my life I have got by in the far corners of the earth by saluting babes with 'Hi Toots' and I am too old a dog to learn new tricks."

Sergeant Anthony Perolla, clerk and stenographer of the office, removed his feet from his desk and lit an OP which he had appropriated from the pack of

cigarettes on The Top's desk. "The way I figure it, Top," he volunteered, "is you're all fouled up on this thing. Now take me, for instance. . . ."

First Sergeant McSorley was in no mood to be contradicted. "I have taken you for too long, already," he broke in, "and I do not want to take any more of your lip. So knock off any of your prattlings. What you do not know about women, is almost as much as what you do not know about the Marine Corps. I have warned you many times, Boot, that when I hold a discussion with you I want only respectful silence on your part. Is that clear?"

"It is perfectly clear," Perolla replied, "that if you do not stop interrupting my chain of thought I may forget proper respect for age. As I was about to say, here I am a strong, healthy, intelligent specimen of American Marine manhood who should be out fightin' a war. And what do I draw for an assignment? I get shipped to this strictly SNAFU station, where they should have only relies like yourself. And I gets made the Old Man's private secretary all because some school-teacher in Classification discovers I know a little short-hand. A fine job for a he-Marine, I must say. Me, I just can't wait for some woman to come along and relieve me."

"I'll relieve you," said First Sergeant McSorley, "of your right arm at the shoulder socket, if you do not stop hooking my cigarettes. As for what you choose to call relief, you will not have to wait long because according to these travel orders from headquarters the women are due in her Wednesday at 0900 and believe me, it better be 0900 and not 0901."

"How about a field day to get things squared away nice and pretty before the little ladies arrive?" asked Sergeant Perolla.



A wolfish whistle was heard as the two new Gyrenes entered promptly at 0859.

THESE INSPECTIONS  
ARE TOUGH!  
THE CORPS' TOUGH!  
-AN' THE OLD MAN IS  
THE TOUGHEST OFFICER  
IN THE MARINES!

AW, QUIT BEATIN' YOUR  
CHOPS! THE SKIPPER  
TAKES CARE OF US—  
DON'T FORGET, WE  
WAS FIRST TO GET  
NEW ATHLETIC  
EQUIPMENT

YEAH, AN' DON'T LET  
HIM FORGET THE  
CAPTAIN WAS THE  
ONE THAT GOT  
**DYANSHINE**  
PUT IN THE P.X.



## What Servicemen Talk About

Winning the war? Not so much. The best way to pass inspection? More than you might think! That's why Dyanshine Liquid Shoe Polish is so much discussed—so eagerly sought after.

These men know the wisdom of using the best materials where service is hard and preservation of equipment

is vital. They know that Dyanshine is worth the price because it is easy to put on, easy to polish, and easy on the leather.

Many of these men know this because their dads, veterans of the last war, used Dyanshine from 1918 until last year. Since then, of course, Dyanshine Liquid Shoe Polish is available only to you men in the service.



### 2 REASONS WHY SERVICEMEN RAVE ABOUT DYANSHINE...

1. It Recolors the Leather.
2. It Gives First Aid to Scuffs.



Service Record

FIRST WORLD WAR

SECOND WORLD WAR

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**DYANSHINE**  
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

*Liquid*  
**SHOE POLISH**

# WHO'S WHO IN SPORTS EQUIPMENT

by L. B. ICELY, President

The country owes much to the leaders of our armed forces for their prompt recognition of the part that competitive sports could play in the building of fighting men.

*The popularity of high-quality Wilson Sports Equipment is fully appreciated by your supply services, for they've seen to it that "Wilson" products are well represented in the sports equipment purchased for your use.*

Many of you already know, from experience that, when you play with a baseball, football, softball or soccer ball or any other equipment marked "Wilson," you are playing with the best there is.

*This quality counts particularly now when the heavy demands for camps and overseas can be met only if equipment stands up under heaviest usage.*

Though a large part of our manufacturing facilities are now producing other war materials, we are making every effort to see that, in home camps or abroad, your units are amply supplied, also, with Wilson sports equipment.

*At your PX look for the name "Wilson" and you'll get the best equipment for full enjoyment of the game.*

Wilson sports equipment will keep you fit . . . And, when the job is done, you'll want the same fine sports equipment at home to keep you in fighting trim for peace.

Then look to your Wilson dealer to supply you with your favorite Wilson ball or glove, tennis racket and golf equipment. Wilson Sporting Goods Co., Chicago, New York and other leading cities.



**IT'S Wilson TODAY  
IN SPORTS EQUIPMENT**

A sneer of scorn marred the features of the first sergeant as he humphed loudly. "We'll have a field day," he asserted, "after the little ladies arrive and not before. I consider washing windows and swabbing decks and bulkheads woman's work. My mother had to do it and what was good enough for my mother, is good enough for any woman Marine. As far as I am concerned, a Marine is a Marine and I'll make no distinctions." With that he turned his back on the clerk and busied himself with the papers on his desk.

Promptly at 0859 Wednesday, two Marines in cool, green and white summer seersucker dresses walked smartly into DHIRS, Boonville, and stepped up to First Sergeant McSorley's desk. From the open door to the next room, where the baker's dozen lounged, came a low, wolfish whistle and the scraping of shoes as the recruiters made haste to give the additions to their staff the once-over. The Top continued busy with the papers on his desk. When he finally did look up, his blue eyes widened. "Yes?" he queried in his gruffest tone as he ran his fingers nervously through his red hair.

The tall, dark haired one handed him the travel orders for the two. "Sergeants MacPherson and Cuddlesworth reporting for duty," she said. A tinkling giggle escaped the short blonde. "I am Mazie Cuddlesworth," she announced and giggled again.

The Top turned around and glanced pointedly at the clock. 0900 on the dot. "Humph," he said. And then, "You two sit down over there while I look over your orders. I'll take you in to see the Old Man in a little while. This is Sergeant Perolla." He nodded toward the desk beside him. The Sergeant smiled toothily and saluted airily. "Hiya Mates," he called, "Welcome to Boonville."

Sergeant McSorley pretended he did not hear the laughter and giggles from the next room when the girls were introduced to the other recruiters. The girls were apparently being accepted as equals. They were cute chicks, all right. But could they work? And would they, really, free Marines to fight like the slogan said? And if so, who would go? He hadn't said anything about it around the office, but for two weeks now his request for transfer to combat training had been in the hands of the major. Perhaps, something would happen after all, but he wasn't raising any false hopes.

Picking up the new arrivals' travel orders he went into the Major's office. In a few minutes he came back and called out: "MacPherson, Cuddlesworth, front and center." The girls came into the room and faced him, smiling.

"I'm going to take you in to see The Old Man," he told them gruffly. "He's Major Baker and you won't find a better officer in the Corps. Don't forget to stand at attention in front of his desk and address him in the third person

only." The girls nodded. They had met officers before.

As he stepped around them to open the door to the Major's office, First Sergeant McSorley noticed something. He gasped! He stopped in his tracks! He hesitated, not knowing what to do. Here was a new emergency in his life and he was caught completely off guard. Blushing from red hair to starched collar, he bent his head until his lips came close to Sergeant MacPherson's left ear.

"Pardon me," he whispered hoarsely in a quavering voice, "but the sergeant's slip is showing." Sergeant MacPherson's sudden blush almost equalled that of The Top. With Sergeant Cuddlesworth she hurriedly left for the powder room. Both came out a few minutes later as squared away as admiral's land.

WITHIN ten minutes after he had escorted the new additions to the staff into the Major's office, First Sergeant McSorley came out grinning from ear to ear. He let out a whoop that brought the recruiters running from the next room and as they gazed at him in astonishment he turned a somersault, landed on his feet, slapped Sergeant Perolla a resounding whack on the back and ended up sitting in his chair and whooping again.

"So," he challenged the clerk with an accusing finger, "I'm a relic, am I? I'm too old for combat at the age of twenty-nine, am I? Well, come bang ears with Papa and I'll let you in on a little secret. The Old Man has just informed me that due to the presence at DHIRS, Boonville, of two competent lady Marines, my request for transfer to New River is being approved as of today and that from now on Sergeant Perolla is to carry on as First Sergeant. Sergeants MacPherson and Cuddlesworth will take over the clerking and stenography.

"And as for you birds," he said, turning to the baker's dozen who stood gawking around him, "you better get busy and square this place away before those women come back out. This so-called office ain't a fit place for a decent woman to work. And for . . . for . . . for gosh sakes, watch your language from now on. There are ladies around and I'll be a sad sack if they ain't freein' a real Marine to fight!"

THE END



THE LEATHERNECK



## Artie Shaw Can Still Swing It

**N**AME band musicians, who forsook their good-paying jobs in radio or dance halls to enlist in service bands, are popular with fighting men down here in the South Pacific.

Most popular bandsmen in this area are the members of Chief Petty Officer Artie Shaw's Navy orchestra.

CPO Shaw's hot jive, losing none of the sizzle that packed theaters and night clubs a year ago, has cheered enlisted men at jungle outposts from New Zealand to Guadalcanal, and won the kudos of Jap-killers throughout this area.

Just as popular, in its own bailiwick, is the First Marines band, directed by Master Technical Sergeant Joe Sharfglass, New York City. This quiet, but energetic maestro, played with Clyde McCoy, Woody Herman, Vincent Lopez, Carl Hoff, and Leo Reisman before he enlisted in Marine Corps "field music," those scrapping hornblowers who are equally good presenting a Sousa march on parade, or rescuing wounded comrades under fire, as stretcher-bearers.

While Artie Shaw's band is composed chiefly of swing specialists from top-ranking dance outfits, Master Technical Sergeant Sharfglass' group is more varied.

In the First Marines' band are kids from high school bands, collegians who marched and countermarched between the halves of Big 10 grid battles, and old-line Marines who have seen service in Shanghai, Pearl Harbor, and Midway.

Both bands give fighting men what they want most—plenty of swing, plenty of martial brass, a dash of mountain music, and a touch of "Hearts and Flowers."

When Master Technical Sergeant Sharfglass' Marines recently defeated Shaw's Sailors, 6 to 5 for the softball Band championship of the South Pacific, it proved that the boys had better stick to their music. The casualties were:

Shaw's Centerfielder (Bass Horn) Barney Epieler, Brooklyn, and Rightfielder (Trombone) Tak Takvorian. Wattertown, Massachusetts, came down with painful "charley horses" in the fourth and limped gingerly through the last five innings.

Sharfglass' Roving Fielder (Clarinet) Corporal Raymond LaMagna, Brooklyn, tore his pants.

Shaw's Roving Fielder (Drums) Dave Tough, Oak Park, Illinois, dropped a fly ball but retained his cigarette; ignored the crowd's laughter.

Both teams shared the beer which nominally would go to the winner.

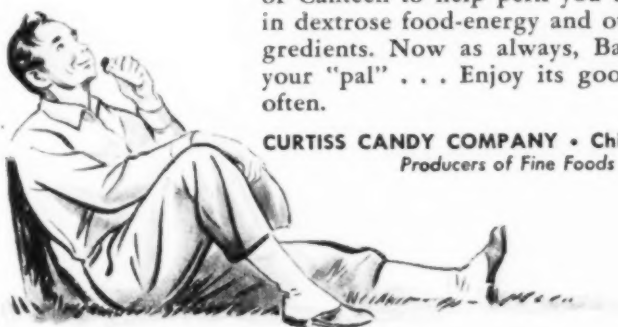
Marines who saw the game agreed that the musicians were no great shakes as athletes; were more convinced than ever that they are "right Joes."—TECH. SGT. JIM JUCAS. THE END.



**Remember Baby Ruth**  
*when furloughs were vacations..*

**R**EMEMBER those lazy weekends lounging on the beach, Baby Ruth in hand? Well, we don't claim Baby Ruth *alone* completes that dream... but it's still in the picture—waiting in the PX, Ship Service Store or Canteen to help perk you up... rich in dextrose food-energy and other top ingredients. Now as always, Baby Ruth is your "pal"... Enjoy its good company often.

**CURTISS CANDY COMPANY • Chicago, Illinois**  
Producers of Fine Foods



**"VICTORY IS EVERYONE'S JOB!"**

**OSCAR W. HEDSTROM CORPORATION**

*Manufacturers of*

**"OH38" ALUMINUM ALLOY CASTINGS**  
**ALUMINUM—BRASS and BRONZE CASTINGS**  
**WOOD—METAL PATTERNS—MODELS**

**HIGH CONDUCTIVITY COPPER CASTINGS—**

*Manufacturers of Marine Lighting Fixtures, Distribution Boxes, Connection Boxes, Switch Boxes, Junction Boxes, and parts therefor.*

**4836-42 W. Division Street**

**Chicago, Ill.**

**GUMS and TEETH**

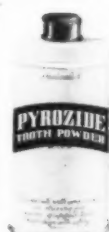
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Visit your dentist often. Use PYROZIDE TOOTH POWDER twice daily.

Send 10c coin for trial tin.

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MEDICATED

# Would You Take Candy From A Baby...Like Me?

"...if you did, that candy would be Tootsie Rolls. They're tops with me. And I hope tops with you. Chewy, chocolatey, entirely different, they're *good food*. Yes, good for you, big boy. Tootsie Rolls are *made with milk* and enriched with dextrose to give you zip and energy *fast*. So take a Tootsie often. After meals—in between times when you feel "let down." Keep a Tootsie Roll in your pocket—for me!"

Only 5¢

FOR 7 BIG  
CHEWY CHUNKS



## And Now It's Women Field Musics



Cadet Rosemary Krier of Chicago has been acting bugler for Marine Corps Reserve Training School for women officers at Northampton, Mass.

THE formation of the first Women's Marine Corps Band has been authorized.

The band, consisting of forty-three pieces, will be trained at Camp Lejeune, New River, North Carolina, and will release male musicians for field duty.

The announcement pointed out that the roster of the newly formed Women's Band will be composed of a master technical sergeant; two tech. sergeants; a drum major; a staff sergeant; ten sergeants; twelve corporals; and sixteen privates, including privates first class.

Headquarters pointed out that procurement headquarters have been instructed to enlist the personnel for the band under the classification of general

duty. It was further said that should the applicant fail to qualify for band duty after enlistment, she would be assigned to other duties in the Marine Corps Women's Reserve in relation to qualifications.

Outstanding women musicians and artists will be invited to assist in the procurement of the personnel, as the desire of the Marine Corps is to make the first Women's Reserve Band the most outstanding in the country, measuring up to the standards of the world famous Marine bands.

Proud of their tradition that is steeped in time honored fighting history, "field musics," as they are known to the Corps, are Marines and fighting men first and musicians second.

Fighters in every sense of the word, handsmen are thoroughly trained in all modern methods of warfare and their ability under fire has been proven on many battlefields during the 167 years of Marine Corps history.

Most famous of all Marine musical organizations is the world renowned Marine Corps Band known as the "President's Own." The band was first reviewed on July 4th, 1801, by President Thomas Jefferson when it was the outstanding band in the Nation's Capital, and has continued to perform Presidential duties since that time.

Women, found qualified for the newly formed band, will be given their recruit training at the recently established indoctrination center for the Marine Corps Women's Reserve at New River, North Carolina. Upon completion of their basic training they will proceed to Band and Field Music School and will later relieve men assigned to field or combat duty.

THE END



# COOKIE JAR

and Tobin's

## IRISH AMERICAN MIXTURE

For the best smoke yet, try these aromatic pipe mixtures... a pipeful of pleasure anywhere—anytime!

**R. R. TOBIN TOBACCO CO.**  
406 Woodbridge Rd. Detroit, Michigan

FLORISTS FOR  
HEADQUARTERS, MARINE CORPS

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1364 Conn. Ave., Washington, D. C.  
TELEPHONES: DECATUR 0070 AND 0071



## SHAVING BRUSHES YOU'LL SOON SEE 'EM ON THE SHELF IN SOME MUSEUM !

# Burma-Shave

NO BRUSH NO LATHER

## DETACHMENTS

**LONDONDERRY, NORTHERN IRELAND.**—Guitarist Tony Romano, who appeared here recently with the Bop Hope USO show, would make a good bag piper, but Hope himself "can't play worth beans," says Private First Class Harry T. Harding, Everett, Massachusetts.

Harding, a member of the Marine bag pipe band, should know, for he played solo for Hope while the latter was here, and showed the comedian, Frances Langford, and Romano how to hold the pipes for some British newsreel cameramen.



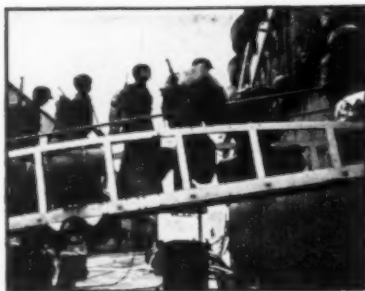
**We thought about using Robert Hope and his bagpipe on the front cover instead of the Marine, but we did not think about it for very long.**

Hope proved to be not too apt a pupil and finally gave up with the comment "they sound like Crosby." He then asked Private First Class Harding if the pipes really could produce music. The Marine bag piper responded with a few strains of an old Irish tune and the opening bars of the Marines' Hymn, and Hope was satisfied.

Romano then took a set of pipes and after some preliminary blowing and adjusting produced a tune which won congratulations from Marine pipers present as well as Hope and Miss Langford. —SERGEANT ROBERT T. DAVIS.

**A SOUTH AMERICAN BASE.**—One of the traveling troubadours, Mammy Singer Al Jolson, entertained the Marines, Sailors and Soldiers here recently in the chapel-theatre.

Jolson staged a one-man show with only his accompanist and even left the stage to act as usher seating several officers who were standing in back with the overflow crowd.



**Shoving off for action are these U. S. Marines, moving up the gangway of a transport at a West Coast port. They're headed for overseas duty.**

Jolson has been on the road since a year ago last June when he started Somewhere in Alaska and worked his way over three continents entertaining audiences of fighting men from a house of four soldiers at an Alaskan post to twenty thousand in a desert camp.—SERGEANT CHARLES CALLANAN.

**GUADALCANAL.**—The spirit of Christmas rides forth on this island in a Marine truck—even if it is midsummer.

Private Robert Sorensen, USMC, of Corley, Iowa, decorated the cab of his two-ton truck with a red Christmas bell and a red wreath complete with imitation holly, snow, tinsel and leather bow.

"They make me think of home," he said.

The origin of the Christmas decorations is obscure. Private Sorensen says he found them near a quartermaster dump. —STAFF SERGEANT SOLOMON BLECHMAN.



**2nd Lt. Thomas O. Daniels of Los Angeles plays the role of 'Tarzan.'**

**CHERRY POINT, NORTH CAROLINA.**—Corporal Rita Essex, USMC-WR, 21, of Washington, D. C., who reported for Marine "boot" training exactly one year after her brother, Private First Class Joseph Essex, did, has been

# YELLO-BOLE



## The Honey-Cured Smoke

The yellow bowl of this pipe is the secret of an extremely mild, fragrant smoke at all times and especially the first few times you smoke it. Nature's pure golden honey (3 kinds, blended) produces a truly wonderful effect for all who are accustomed to having to "break in" a new pipe—there is no "breaking-in" at all, with Yello-Bole, and it stays sweet and serene continuously. Get a Yello-Bole today for the time of your life.

YELLO-BOLE Ⓞ STANDARD '1

YELLO-BOLE Ⓞ IMPERIAL '10

YELLO-BOLE ∞ PREMIER '20

Yello-Bole, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York

THE LEATHERNECK



reunited with him at this Marine Air Station.

Private First Class Essex recently graduated from a course in aerial gunnery at Quantico, Virginia, and had expected to be sent West. In order to bid him farewell his sister obtained a furlough, but the day after she returned to her station at Cherry Point he was transferred here.

Two other members of the family are in the Corps—Privates George Essex, 19, and Donald Essex, 18, who enlisted July 17. Corporal Essex now works in the Headquarters Squadron Office.

Private First Class Essex attended Columbus University for one year. All four Marines graduated from Eastern High School, Washington, D. C.—SERGEANT THERON J. RICE.



Bird feathers sewed on canvas make coats for Marine and Maori models.

BALBOA, C. Z.—Mascots are old stuff to the Marine Corps. From the famed Sergeant Jiggs at Quantico, Virginia, to a couple of baby pandas somewhere in the South Pacific, Leatherneck units have almost universally adopted a dog, cat, goat, or some other pet as their mascot.

But to Field Music First Class Chris Stergiou, USMC, 18, of Nashua, New Hampshire, "Sparky," the small terrier claimed by his outfit, was different.

And that's why "Private First Class Sparky," USMC, received a full military funeral when the small dog was killed by an on-rushing truck, not twenty feet from the barracks where he ate, slept, and lived the life of a real Marine.



MTSgts. Andy Heaton (left) and Thomas Lamb, air maintenance men during months of Guadal battle.

## "You can tell," says Estelle, "how Pabst rings the bell"

*by counting the Blue Ribbon bottles I sell!"*



Estelle knows the reason  
why Blue Ribbon clicks—  
Why, once a man tries it,  
he usually sticks;  
Pabst gratifies palates  
of varying "views"  
By full-flavor blending  
of thirty-three brews!

IT'S "thirty-three to one" that your particular palate will find complete satisfaction in Blue Ribbon! So order Pabst instead of just "beer," next time. Savor the delicious taste-tones which defy description—and imitation!

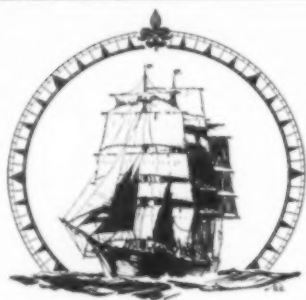
You'll find full-flavored Pabst Blue Ribbon beer on tap or in regular and quart-size bottles at better places everywhere.

**33**  
**FINE BREWS**  
*blended into*  
**ONE GREAT**  
**BEER**



"BLUE RIBBON TOWN" IS ON THE AIR! Starring GROUCHO MARX...  
Famous Stars...Coast-to-Coast CBS Network...Every SATURDAY NIGHT

Copy. 1943. Pabst Brewing Company  
Milwaukee, Wis.



This Mutual Bank was founded to provide banking facilities and promote thrift among all those engaged in Maritime occupations. You may start an account with as little as one dollar.

Make your allotment to this Bank.

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## THE SEAMEN'S BANK FOR SAVINGS

74 WALL STREET, NEW YORK  
MIDTOWN OFFICE: 20 EAST 45 STREET

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Standard Equipment on  
REPUBLIC P-47 THUNDERBOLT



Since the beginning of modern aviation Wittek Hose Clamps have been known as the standard of the industry. Today they are being used by the nation's leading military aircraft and engine builders.

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Why Take a Chance?

## PASTEURIZED MILK IS SAFE MILK

Delivery in Quantico, Virginia

BY  
FARMERS CREAMERY CO., INC.  
FREDERICKSBURG, VA.



Paramarines go in for trick haircuts in the South Pacific. Here are several, including Raymond H. Camp, Jr., Hickory, N. C.; Byron Johnson, Decatur, Neb.; Raymond B. Budo, Overland, Mo.; H. E. Brown, Evansville, Ind.; J. J. Cassella, Andora, Calif.; W. B. Hosier, Des Moines; H. G. Bany, Oregon City, Ore. and Walter E. Dillihoy of Indianapolis.

GUANTANAMO BAY, CUBA.—Private Sammy Embry is a unique Marine. Naturally he would be because he is a dog, but officially he's a Leatherneck at this post.

According to his records "Private Embry enlisted at Guantanamo Bay on October 15, 1942, for four years. He gave his address as "Guard House, Marine Corps Base." He signed it with his paw, making it official.

"Private Embry," a small, black and white, vivacious canine, often goes on hikes and maneuvers with his master's platoon. His master is First Lieutenant DeWitt Embry, USMC, of Springfield, Louisiana.

He marches in parades and goes to chow with the men in the platoon. He also visits the movie lyceum nightly.

In "Private Embry's" record book, which is marked "Reserve K9," he is shown to have been issued dog harness and mess equipment. On the pay record pay, signed by the paymaster, Sammy has received bones, milk and hamburgers regularly.

However, he has three deck courts martial against him; one for fighting, one for stealing laundry and the other for tearing socks. This, according to First Lieutenant Embry, has prevented Sammy from being promoted to Private First Class.

"Private Embry's" health records show that he has "one tail, six inches long, is 12 inches high and weighs 15 pounds."—SERGEANT ALLEN SOMMERS.

CAMP PENDLETON, CALIFORNIA.—With all due respect to the bulldog tradition of the Marine Corps, there is a school of thought among Marines here that believes monkeys make better mascots for jungle fighters.



Among them is Marine Gunner James E. Cockrum, of Joplin, Missouri. Marine Gunner Cockrum, 26, is ordnance officer in a weapons company here, and the crux of his contention is Eliza.

Eliza is a Panamanian monkey and, as her name indicates, Eliza is a lady. Born about 11 years ago, Eliza has been with the Marine Corps now for something more than six months. Brought to the United States 10 years ago for a public zoo career, she so endeared herself to her trader-owner that she was retained as a pet. The owner presented her to Marine Gunner Cockrum a year ago as a token of friendship.

Eliza cannot actually join the Marine Corps, for she haughtily refuses to wear "dog tags," the identification discs worn by every Marine. Eliza gives ground to no dog in any respect. She has met many of them in near-mortal combat and has yet to lose a decision—only a few tufts of fur here and there.

Nevertheless, Eliza carries on the finest traditions of the Marine Corps.

The one exception to Eliza's general dislike for dogs is Smoky, another of Marine Gunner Cockrum's pets. Smoky is half chow and half cocker spaniel.

Unlike Eliza, Smoky was born in the Marine Corps. Both animals are currently mascots in units stationed at Camp Elliott, San Diego, California.

Master Gunner Cockrum enlisted in the Marine Corps in September, 1937, after two years in the Army. He served at sea for two years and two years with the Fifth Marines before joining his present outfit.—SERGEANT RICHARD A. TENNELLY.



These men know their in-fighting. They are Capt. Stephen Stavers, expert in hand-to-hand combat; Pfc. T. Pane, once known as middleweight boxer Young Terry, and Corp. Tommy Loughran, former world champion in the light heavyweight division.

*Yours  
Truly—  
Johnny.*

In clinical tests, eminent doctors found and reported that—

**WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER CLEARED UP COMPLETELY OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED.**

For the sake of *your* nose and throat—on evidence like that—you certainly ought to *try* this finer-tasting cigarette!



**THE CIGARETTE THAT'S  
RECOGNIZED BY DOCTORS**

*—proved far less irritating to  
the nose and throat!*

**CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS**

*America's FINEST Cigarette*

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VOTE FOR ONE OF  
THESE 7 STYLES



1  
Straight  
Tip Oxford



2  
Mocassin  
Style



3  
Wing Tip  
Medallion Toe



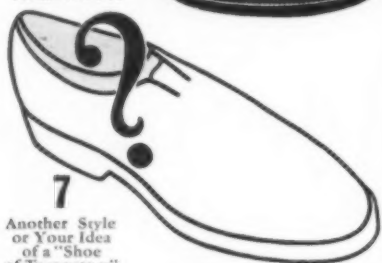
4  
Military Style  
Plain Toe  
Blucher Oxford



5  
French Toe  
Oxford



6  
Straight Tip  
Medallion Toe



7  
Another Style  
or Your Idea  
of a "Shoe  
of Tomorrow"

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YOU TELL US WHAT STYLE OF SHOE YOU WILL  
WANT TO WEAR AS A CIVILIAN AND EXPLAIN  
WHY IN 50 WORDS OR LESS!

**\$500 · \$250 · \$100**  
**TEN- \$25 PRIZES**

### IN WAR BONDS

Just give us the style number of the first pair of shoes  
you'll buy as a civilian and send us a postcard or letter  
explaining your choice. If we haven't shown your favorite,  
or if you have your own ideas about a "Shoe Of Tomorrow,"  
vote for style #7 and include a rough sketch of the shoe  
you'd like us to have ready for you. Letters will be judged  
on ideas and originality . . . not on technical details.

### CONTEST RULES

Address your letter to CONTEST EDITOR, W. L. Douglas  
Shoe Company, Brockton 15, Massachusetts, U.S.A.

Letters must be postmarked before January 1, 1944.

Please include your home address.

Submit as many ideas or sketches as you wish.

FIRST PRIZE: \$500 War Bond; SECOND PRIZE: \$250 in War  
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### NOTE

Right now we're one of America's shoe manufacturers  
busy making shoes for the Armed Forces, but as soon as  
possible after the Day of Victory we want to be able to  
offer you, not just any pair of shoes, but a "Shoe Of  
Tomorrow" . . . designed with your help and to fit your  
particular needs!



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W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO., BROCKTON 15, MASS.

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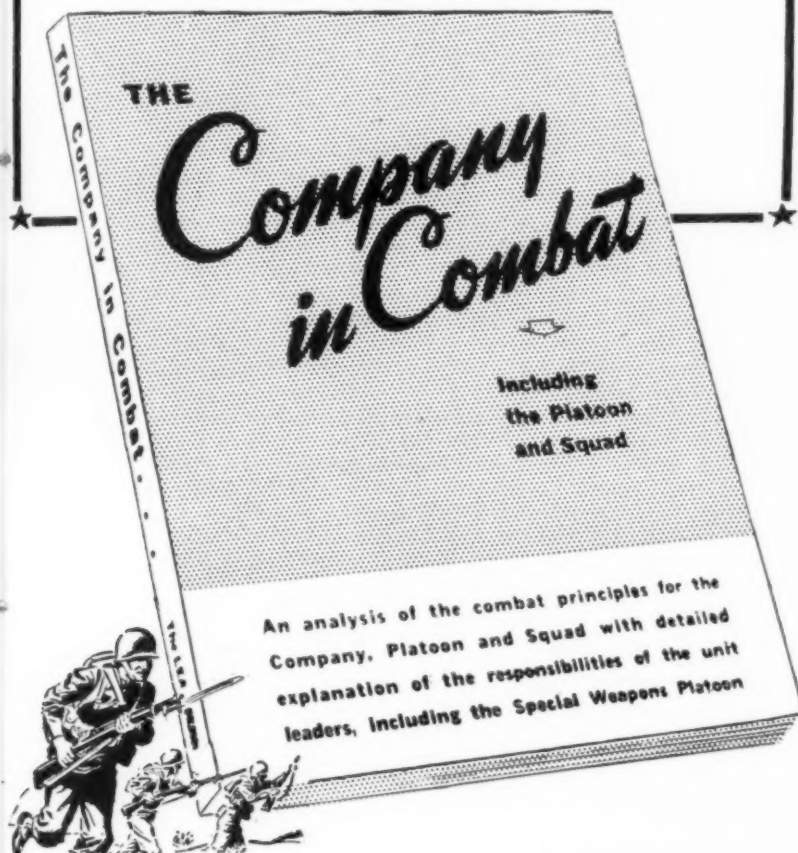
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## ...and a few MARINES

By JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.  
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# DIS-MISSED!

## BACKWARD, TURN BACKWARD®

*"From The Washington Post."*

"No change" is the verdict of the majority of Americans on social reform after the war, according to the Gallup Poll. Let the country remain "pretty much the way it was before the war," say 58 per cent of those polled.

I wanna go back to the good old days,  
When tired men pounded the pavements for jobs,  
Always to find them grabbed away  
By earlier, more aggressive mobs.

I yearn to return to the leisurely life,  
Of mass unemployment, another depression,  
Bankruptcy, jitters, stock declines,  
With hope and courage in constant recession.

I hanker for the days of monopolies,  
Magnates, cartels, tariffs and trusts,  
Lobbies and blocs, labor racketeers,  
Docile consumers getting the crusts.

Back to the halcyon days of the 30's,  
Of Okies, hitch hikers, trailer tramps,  
Paupers, panhandlers, soup line addicts,  
Tenant farmers in poverty's clamps.

I wanna go back to "normalcy,"  
Even another Teapot Dome,  
And a filching of some of the national wealth,  
Would certainly make me feel at home.

I long for the days when Hottentots  
Were not regarded as humankind,  
For a world in which everyone's for himself,  
And the devil take the one that is hind.

## CHRISTMAS MAIL

THE Christmas mailing season is here, and here is the straight dope for relatives and friends of U. S. Marines to follow in sending gifts to men in the service.

Parcels and cards to men in the Marine Corps, Navy and Coast Guard must be mailed between September 15 and November 1, which means you don't have much time. Mailing requirements as set forth by the postal authorities follow:

5-pound limit, 15 inches length, 36 inches length and girth combined.

Endorse "Christmas Parcel."

No request is required.

No perishable matter accepted.

No intoxicants, matches, lighting fluid or materials injurious to persons or mails will be accepted.

Pack in heavy corrugated cardboard or fiber board boxes.

Wrap in strong paper and tie with twine.

Not more than one parcel a week to the same person.

Show on address side, in addition to the name and address of the sender, the name, rank or rating of the addressee, Marine unit and Marine number assigned thereto, or name of the ship and Fleet Post Office through which the materials are to be routed.

Parcels for registration or insurance may be accepted if conforming to the requirements as to weight, size, etc.

All packages will be censored.

Use money orders to transmit gifts of money to either branch of the armed services.

THE END

Of course I want all my gadgets too,  
My television, my plastic home,  
My run-proof socks, my synthetic tires,  
And a gyroscope the air to roam.

But as far as the social scene's concerned.

I cling to my right to ossify,  
I wanna return to the dear dead past,  
Or at least stand still until I die.

I shudder before that word "reform,"  
Another one that I dread is "change."  
I don't mind technical advance,  
But I'll have no ideas that are new and strange!

Just let me forget any obligation

To make right anything that's wrong,  
I wanna go back where my brain can rest.

Please leave me free to muddle along.  
THE END

## HOW TO DETECT COUNTERFEIT BILLS

1. Know Your Money! Study the bills you receive, so as to become familiar with the workmanship on them, especially in the portraits.

2. Compare a suspected bill with a genuine of the same type and denomination. Observe these things:

### Portrait

*Counterfeit*—Dull, smudgy, or unnaturally white, scratchy; oval background is dark, lines irregular and broken. Portrait merges into the background.

*Genuine*—Stands out distinctly from the oval background. Eyes appear life-like. Background is a fine screen of regular lines.

### Colored Seal

*Counterfeit*—Saw-tooth points around rim are usually uneven, broken off.

*Genuine*—Sawtooth points around rim are even and sharp.

### Serial Numbers

*Counterfeit*—Poorly printed, badly spaced, uneven in appearance.

*Genuine*—Figures firmly and evenly printed, well spaced.

THE END

Send us your new addresses. If you fail to get a copy write to us giving your new and old addresses.



## THE LEATHERNECK

MARINE BARRACKS, 8TH & EYE STS., S. E.  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mail This TODAY!

### YOUR OLD ADDRESS:

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Platoon No. \_\_\_\_\_

Battalion No. \_\_\_\_\_

### YOUR NEW ADDRESS:

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Unit No. or Barracks \_\_\_\_\_

Location: \_\_\_\_\_

Mail This TODAY!

# Have a "Coke" = Welcome, Friends



## ...or how to get along in Alaska

The American soldier in Alaska meets up with many things that remind him of home. One of them is Coca-Cola. Have a "Coke" says he to a stranger, and in one simple gesture he has made a friend. In three words he has said, "You and I understand each other". The pause that refreshes works as well in the Yukon as it does in Youngstown. From Atlanta to the Seven Seas, Coca-Cola has become the high-sign between kindly-minded strangers, the symbol of a friendly way of living.

\* \* \*

Next to mothers, wives, sweethearts and letters from home, one thing our soldiers overseas mention most is Coca-Cola. So you'll be delighted to know they frequently find it—bottled on the spot—in over 35 Allied and neutral nations 'round the globe.

### "Coke" = Coca-Cola

It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called "Coke".



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# They've Got What it Takes!

They're flying sentries guarding our coast lines  
... day-and-night couriers of vital war  
equipment ... the 20,000 skilled  
pilots of the Civil Air Patrol!



IT'S CAMELS  
FOR ME—  
THEY HAVE A RICH,  
FULL **FLAVOR**  
—AND AN EXTRA  
MILDNESS THAT'S SO  
EASY ON MY  
**THROAT**

*First in  
the Service*

The favorite cigarette with  
men in the Army, Navy, Marines,  
and the Coast Guard is Camel.

(Based on actual sales records.)



*Camels*



"OPS." It's Flight Officer Gay Gahagan giving the "orders of the day" in the Operations Room, and it's just like a regular Air Force "briefing"—even to the Camel cigarettes. For Camels are the pick of pilots—the choice of smokers everywhere.



**ARMY MISSION.** Rushing key Army personnel or special equipment to distant camps is just one of the important jobs of the men and women CAP pilots. Here is CAP Flight Officer Gahagan. Her destination is an Army secret, but it's no secret that her favorite cigarette is Camel—see left.



## Meet Flight Officer GAY GAHAGAN

She's a veteran of six years' flying... had logged more than 200 hours in the air even before she joined the Civil Air Patrol. Her smoking log? "I've smoked Camels for five years," she says. "Their delightful taste has a fresh appeal with every puff—and Camels don't get my throat." See if *you* don't agree with Flight Officer Gay Gahagan—give Camels the test of your own taste and throat... your own "T-Zone."

The "T Zone"... where  
cigarettes are judged



The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only *your* taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you... and how it affects your throat. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T."

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina



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